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THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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Homage to 'A. E.'

BY MONK GIBBON.

I have known one great man,
One man alone to rise
Shoulders and head above
All his contemporaries.

Greater than any now,
Equal indeed it seemed
Of those dead few of whom
Reverent youth had dreamed.

Holding that self-same path,
Lofty in speech as they,
Turning to nobler gold
The dross of every day.

Now when a sick world seems
Late to be put to school,
Blind still directing blind,
Fool still exhorting fool,

I would remind myself
This thing is not the whole,
I too can boast in time
I have known one great soul.

*Three Poems by Padraic Colum :***Lilac Blossoms.**

We mark the playing time of rain and sun,
Until the rain too heavily upon us
Leans, and the sun stamps down upon our lustres,
And then our trees stand in their greennesses
No different from the privets in the hedges,
And we who made a pleasaunce at the door-step,
And whether by the ash-heap or the clear well
Growing, were ever fresh and ever radiant—
And fragrant more than grass is—
We, we are gone without a word that praised us—
You did not know how short the playing time !

Woodbine.

The hawthorns now
Are gone from the hedge—
Their scent, their flower :
But a moon-coloured spray,
A foam-coloured spray,
Are near the thatch,
Where, round the porch
With stem as thick
As beam within,
The woodbine grows.

The ash-tree planted
With the same spade
Is neighbour only ;
Geraniums set
In window-sills
Last but as long
As red paint
Or whitewash coat
On door or wall ;
Nothing that grows
Is leased to the house
So long, so close
As this hedge-thing.

An old man rising,
Pains in his joints,
Wide-opens the door;
On sudden he feels
The boon that brings him
The meadow-slope
With the young calves,
And his own delight—
The woodbine scent!

He hears but heeds not
The fiddle within—
He is back in mornings
When cuckoos called:
Then this old man
From the porch goes in.

A girl who comes
Feels the fragrance here,
And, ere she raises
The latch that brings her
To join in the dance,
Her hand has lifted;
The moon-coloured spray,
The foam-coloured spray
Are at her breast,
With the scent of that
Which bides by the house
So long, so close
The hedgerow thing.

Scanderbeg.

She sat on the wall and dangled her silk-stockinged legs,
Saying, " I'll not have them stung for any old man who is dead,"
So I went where the nettles were rank and came on a stone that
read,

" Matthew de Renzi,
Knight, born in Germany,
Descended from George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg,
Who fifty-two battles waged with conquest against the Great
Turk."

More: The knight de Renzi,
Learned in Irish, composed for it a Dictionary;
He corresponded with men of state upon affairs,
And died here; fifty-seven his years:
Peace be with Matthew!

Then I looked where she sat on the wall dangling her silk-
stockinged legs,

Which she would not have stung for any old man who was dead,
As she said—

Not even, I supposed, for a descendant of Scanderbeg!

But I heard a curlew

Over the river beside me, the Shannon it was,
And saw from that to the Danube, and it was crossed
By turbaned men under whose stallions' hooves the grass
Never grew again!

And that field of battle, the Plain of the Blackbirds, Kossova,
And the Sultan Murad slain,
And the breach in Constantinople's walls, and Belgrade,
Buda and Vienna under great cannonade,
And the sweep of the Pashas onward until Hungary, Poland, the
Germanies were all dismayed,

And that historyless man, George Castriot, holding at bay
Byzantium's conquerors in the mountains of Albania!

Then battles along the Rhine,
And Dutchmen and English, Frenchmen and Irish, forcing or
holding this line,

And the Shannon crossed and Aughrim lost to our own overthrow!
Two hundred years' battling in Europe at the name of Scanderbeg
Spun through my mind as a curlew cried overhead!

On the Coming of the Censor

BY NICHOLAS TROY.

O skeleton approaching to preside
 At our literary feast, O fate most dread
 With shears to snip our lives' aesthetic thread,
 To what blue-pencilled heaven dost thou guide
 This race so long stiff-necked in bookish pride?
 To what pruned Paradise shall we be led
 When we have set thee at our banquet's head
 And bowed beneath thy scissors satisfied?
 Does some Elysian field of literature
 Await us where lamb-like, our minds shall frisk
 For ever, 'neath blank leaves, and browse upon
 Pale pastures where no printing may endure
 Save, where perchance, some starry asterisk
 Gleams from the shadow of a colophon?

The Sagas: Iceland and Ireland

By EDMUND CURTIS

Nine hundred years ago there were two literary empires in north-west Europe which, joining in the Hebrides, stretched from Norway to Kerry. The one dominated the Viking world and had its centre in Iceland, the other dominated the Celtic world and had its centre in Ireland.

Such a blossoming in poetry and prose, which owed nothing to Latin or Greek (save in the borrowing of the script) was an astonishing thing; it remains astonishing to scholars, and they will often invite one another to an argument now old, how far the Norse saga-men and poets owed their inspiration to that Celtic world so near their own, which undoubtedly preceded them both in the achievement of a civilization and the creation of a native literature.

Let us read this piece of Norse poetry, as translated, to ourselves and then meditate the question at large.¹ It is called the *Hrafnsmal* or Raven's Meal, and the author was Thorbjorn Hornklofi, poet to King Harald Harfagr in the ninth century. This king was a hero who delighted to honour poets.

"Harken, nobles, while I exalt Harald the Magnificent and his deeds of arms. I will tell what I heard spoken by a maiden fair and golden-haired as she held converse with a raven. The Valkyrie prided herself on her wisdom and took no pleasure in men, for she knew the language of birds. With white throat and sparkling eyes she greeted the skull-picker of Hymir as he sat on a pinnacle of rock. 'How goes it with you, ravens, and whence have ye come with bloody beak at the dawning of day? Doubtless ye have passed the night amid a scene of carnage.' The sworn brother of the eagle shook his dusky plumage, wiped his beak, and thought upon his answer. 'We have followed Harald son of Halfdan, the youthful scion of Yngvi, ever since we came out of the egg.'"

So much of the poem for an example. Thus did kings love to be praised in those days, and poets thought that to be meat for ravens on a battlefield was the right end for a man.

¹ It is taken from *Anglo-Saxon and Norse Poems*, Kershaw (Cambridge University Press, 1922).

Ireland had her fascination for the Vikings in more ways than one, but of saga and verse which told of her unhappily the most has been lost. There was evidently a whole Brian's Saga, of which a portion survives in the account of how Thorstein fought at Clontarf along with Earl Sigurd. This spirited story of the great fight, which is all too brief, is followed by the terrific Darradarljod, or "song of the web of the spear," in which the weird sisters who weave the mystic woof prophesy: "the people who hitherto occupied the remoter headlands [the Dalcassians] shall have dominion over the land. Death is ordained for a mighty prince [Brian]. Even now the Earl has been laid low by the spears. The Irish too will suffer a sorrow which will never be forgotten by men. The news of that disaster will travel over the world."

In the world of poetry and legend the contacts of the two races have been many and enduring. The "Lochlannach," for so the Irish called a man of Norway, is found everywhere in Gaelic folk-lore and literature; for three hundred years he was the dreaded "Gall," but he became in time so familiar and then so native that to this day a Blasket or a Rosses man almost accepts the modern Lochlannach as one of themselves. But that the Norse owed directly to Ireland the genius of their poetry and prose is a bold assertion which one band of scholars denies as emphatically as the others assert. The poem we quote hardly chimes in with the more artistic productions of Irish verse, seldom so stark and barbaric. The poetry of both races became subject to innumerable rules, but on the Norse side the clichés, the riddlings and the metaphors went far beyond the artificialities of Irish verse. For our part we believe that Icelandic literature owed its inspiration and origin to Ireland, but a study of the essential aspects of the Saga leaves one with the sense of something that however begun remained vigorously racial and true to its national genius.

Such a study brings up the whole history of the Romantic age in modern literature. In Europe the Greeks, the Romans (by plagiarism), the Teutons, the Norsemen, the Celts, some say the Finns also, have given epics to the world, but the civilised man of the early eighteenth century, dominated by the classical spirit, knew only the Roman and Greek. Then came the Romantic age: the extinct but attractive barbarisms of the old non-

Romanised Europe loomed up again (though rather in the background, like stage thunder), and the child of the Age of Reason thrilled to discern across Northern mists the long-hidden lineaments of his brave but simple Gothic and Celtic forebears. Which of the re-born epics would strike first and redeem the name of its race? Macpherson almost did it for the Gaelic past with his Ossian, but his was not the true Gaelic epic and indeed did much to discredit it. In the Victorian age Teutonism raged terribly, and the Carlyles and Froudes of the time turned to the North for the cult of heroes and made the Icelandic sagas a fashion. A fashion indeed in pure merit, for we have all in a sense felt the spell of Norse genius, reaching us through translation.

Fifty years of the work of scholars and literary men have now made known to the European world the true Gaelic epic; though of the vast treasury of the written word in early Irish nothing like the half has yet been made public, and what has been lacks interpretation, save for the labours of a Thurneysen. But mere readers have learned much of this great heritage in at least the half-way house of a Gregory, a Hull or a Rolleston, and it is a joy which no man taketh away. The learned also, the comparativists of European literatures, will no longer be able to ignore the Celtic contribution, as the Froudes and Carlyles despised or ignored it in the iron age of Teutonic idolatry. Most of us know something now of both Norse and Irish saga, and on a matter of taste can make a choice, whether we prefer the simplicity and stark humanity of the one or the richer and more passionate expression of the other. Indeed we grudge no homage to this Northern saga, that rose, flourished and fell in the space of three hundred years, than which in many ways the spiritual heritage of man has known no finer thing.

The Icelanders have just been celebrating the thousandth year of the setting up of their island parliament or Allthing, an honourable democratic record no doubt for what was never more than the population of Kerry. Glad of the opportunity in a dull time, many English newspapers, including one of our own, wrote leading articles on how the Norsemen and the Anglo-Saxons, precursors and teachers of modern democracy, have given to England and through her to the world Parliaments, the suffrage and the rest, as may be imagined. It was all out-of-date stuff, thirty years beyond time, Whig history which has certainly

had a run of three centuries but is now completely discarded in modern universities. Folk gatherings of some kind are actually as old as the tribal history of man ; Slavs, Celts, Teutons, Romans and other Aryans all alike had their folk-moots and shire-courts and pow-wows, and the Iceland Allthing (the Norsemen of Dublin had one such on Hoggen Green) was no more the mother of Parliament than were the gatherings of freemen among the Irish or the Saxons or the Wends. Indeed for such an origin Belloc and others would say look not to the primitive North but to the Latin and ecclesiastical Europe and the Middle Ages. No, the real achievement of the Norse in Iceland was to produce a literature that in its highest flights, and they were many, is of its own kind unsurpassable.

And that itself is a marvel which needs explaining.

On such questions the final judgments of those who know give great comfort. There is a school which holds that Iceland owed all, both inspiration and model, to Ireland. And, what impresses us here far more, our greatest native authority on early Irish and a student of many literatures has given us, if not in print at least in unforgettable fireside conversation, his quiet but emphatic view on this matter of northern saga. Here were four nations, Irish, Norse, Welsh, and Anglo-Saxon, who moulded their native languages each into a literary form in an age when Latin had all over the Continent a monopoly in letters centuries old, when the national motive was unknown, and men found it hard, harder than we can conceive, to evolve a written sentence which was not Latin or Greek. The mere putting on paper of an unwritten tongue is an achievement, the making of a prose style in it is almost a miracle. The Irish led the way, the Anglo-Saxons, the Norse and the Welsh followed after them. For the cultivation of letters is infectious, and men must have models : the northern nations which formed a fringe of Romanized Europe consciously or unconsciously turned to Ireland as the one creator yet known of a literature not derived from the classical tongues but from the native speech of an indigenous culture. King Alfred taught the Anglo-Saxons to write their own speech ; and Charlemagne wished to make the German epics immortal, but here the Church with her Latin tradition was too strong, she liked not popular speech with its heathen memories. How far in the case of Norway, Wales and Saxondom actual imitation followed upon the inspiration of

a successful example is another matter. Here a judicial pause must follow a firm statement, and perhaps our authority would concede that Norsemen and Welshmen evolved a finer prose than did their Gaelic teacher, but at least from Ireland came the impulse : in Ireland men write with skill their own cradle speech ; then why not we in Iceland and Britain ?

Icelandic literature has been written up more than ours, and once again we have a book on it, which admirably and with a brevity we would fain have seen expanded, sets forth the history and character of the Viking epic.¹ We are told how the saga arose among the "bonders" who fled from Norway to escape from King Harald Fairhair, and made Iceland a refuge for all bold spirits. These pagan men lived in Homeric simplicity with almost no exterior culture as we know it, but they were the primitive and noble Aryan man at his best. Great story-tellers, the vividness of their lives as seamen, explorers and warriors made abundant material, and long Iceland nights gave the recitation of strange and heroic traditions the perfect setting. In their island home, inhospitable though it was, they were secure from all external enemies ; none could enslave men whose ways were in the sea and their paths in the deep waters, and their "summer farers" brought back to the homeland not only booty and slaves from the southern lands, but also the raw details of marvellous deeds. They learned to write these stories of Norway and of Iceland exactly as they told them and in their own speech ; an achievement of which we constant scribblers can hardly appreciate either the difficulty or the merit. Poets and skalds, almost all unknown to us by name, rose among them ; then followed literary men who put prose and poetry down on parchment, and the writing of the Icelandic saga went on till Sturla and Snorri Sturlasson in the thirteenth century.

The Norsemen were a courageous rather than a cheerful race, epical rather than poetic, in their make manly and true ; but being in the vast solitudes of sea and fell so often alone they were emphatically a ghost-haunted people. Their speech has bequeathed to English a whole vocabulary of words of twilight, horror, gloom and ghostliness. Hence we derive such words as grim, dark, glamour, gloaming, fey, double-gangers, fetches, dreeing your weird, and such like. Their literature is essentially

¹ *The Northern Saga*, by E. E. Kellett (Hogarth Press 7/6).

a people speaking, not like Ireland where a class of literati with its trade conventions had ruled for a thousand years. So we get in it all their characteristics ; a sense of home, a style simple, direct and un-analytic, making no moral judgments but never praising iniquity, full of pithy and ironic converse, and stating the most tremendous actions as if they were ordinary. Theirs is a world of men with earth under their feet, of men who were realists and lovers of truth, but of truth modified by a highly superstitious and imaginative age and nation. So says our author. The Icelanders, in short, believed the vast unseen world about them, which was beyond the power of man, to be as true as the seen, and their stories are full of the terror that walked in darkness, from which Christianity and reason have slowly delivered man. For this brave but moral-minded race there were no kindly gods or happy fairies, it would seem, and there alone a striking difference is observed from Ireland, with its sunny or beneficent gods, such as Aengus Óg or Dána and its refuge from sorrow in Tírnan-Óg. The difference is perhaps that between a vast frozen land and a homely green land.

Ghosts are terribly substantial in this northern literature, as when the hero finds himself in a lonely gulley surrounded by the fetches of hundreds of his foes. There are "after-gangers" or walking corpses of men into whose bodies demons have entered ; there are "skin-changers," who can turn themselves into something else ; there are second-sighted men, and men who can create "glamour" around themselves. This sense of the terrible background of life contrasts strongly with the gayer outlook of the Celt, but by reaction the twilight terrors of the northern imagination have darkened our own.

The book before us has given us in full or in summary a number of saga-tales to illustrate the characteristics of this literature, and they are excellently chosen. A fine story is that of Kormak, son of Ogmund and Dalla. His elder brother, Thorgils, was quiet, gentle and slow to move : obviously a Teuton. But Kormak, with an Irish name, was gloomy, passionate, hasty of temper, black-haired, tall and strong ; a good poet, and his verses were easily remembered. His fate was never to wed the woman he loved or only to love her when she was wedded to another. Perhaps we may see in him an Irish strain, the ineffectual

poet-man, derived from some early Gaelic settler. A strain which crossed, modified and empoetized the Norse blood.

The Njala-saga is admittedly one of the world's greatest stories. In unity it is the most complete. The motif is the looks of Hallgerd, daughter of Hoskuld, who as a child was tall and fair of face, and her hair as soft as silk came down to her waist, but her uncle Hrut says, to the anger of his brother, "I know not whence thief's eyes have come into our family." The working-out of doom is when she marries Gunnar, noblest of men, but was a false wife, and in the end let him perish by his enemies for want of two locks of her hair as a bow-string when all else failed. There is that fine touch in the saga when Gunnar is banished by his enemies from Iceland and from his farm at Lithend, and sets out with his brother Kolskegg to leave home. "They rode along Markfleet, and there Gunnar's horse tripped and threw him. He turned his face towards Lithend and his homestead there, and said 'Fair is the Lithe, never has it seemed to me so fair; the corn is white unto harvest, and the home-mead is sown; and now will I ride back home and not fare abroad at all.' And so he did, and hence came his death."

All the sense of home that is dear to the Teutons is in this picture.

The saga of Rolf Kraki is a good brave story. But the brave and the stark often go together. In Hen-Thorir's saga we are told: "Blundketell's enemies woke him when his house was ablaze. He asked who they were that kindled that fire. Thorir, their leader, told him their names. Blundketell asked could any terms of peace be made, but Thorir said there was no choice but to burn, and they departed not till every man's child was burned to death." A tale worthy of the bravest actions by land and sea is that of Bjarni, who was voyaging in the "Maggot Sea" south of Greenland, where certain maggots bore through the planks of ships. His ship suffered so that it could no longer stay afloat, but he had a boat which was smeared with seal-tar which the maggots will not touch. So he and his men let down the boat, but it would only hold half the crew; so they drew lots, and Bjarni was lucky and went into it with the rest. But there was left behind on the ship a youth who was Bjarni's companion, and their fathers had sworn that they would never be parted whatever betide, and they had never been parted till now. So the youth leaned over the ship's side and said: "Bjarni,

wilt thou leave me?" Bjarni said it was by the will of the gods and there was no other way. Then the other wept, for he feared death, and said "Yes, there is another way. Let us change places, and come thou into the ship while I go into the boat." "If it be so," said Bjarni, "and thou hast such a dread of death and desire of life, then let us change places." And with that he climbed up into the ship and the young man went down into the boat. "And this is the story that men tell that Bjarni went down there in the Maggot sea with all that were with him. But those in the boat made land in the end, and there they told this tale, which shall not be forgotten while the world lasts."

From these stories can be perceived that if the Norsemen learned from the Irish how to write and the idea of literature, their prose style, manly, simple, direct, and without ornament, is their own. Irish literature began well, as in the grim tale of Mac Dá Thó's pig, but some wrong path was taken and our prose became overladen, turgid, highly ornamental. Compare the Courtship of Ferb with, say, Eirik's Saga or the Laxdaela Saga, and we feel that the Irish story may be a work of art, interesting for its time, but the Norse one is a great tale made for ever. The Irish romances are in a world of pure imaginings, a world bounded about on every side with Tír-nan-Óg and gracious, unforgotten gods. In the Norse stories a man is in the centre of things, equal at least to his fate; in the kaleidoscope of the Irish anything may happen. Hence since they are always human one feels more than passing sad for many a hero of Saga; but does anyone feel sorry for the figures of Irish epic, save perhaps Cúchulainn and Deirdre?

But in the world of letters you have to choose, and in one age a muse like the Celtic is in honour, in another the Norse. The fault of the Iceland stories is too much action, and not enough circumstance, atmosphere, comment, subtlety, imagination. The Irish romances perhaps overdo those; theirs seems the literature of a race without a firm hold on the world of fact and taking refuge ever in that of the imagination. Perhaps, too, they never achieved—save at great moments, as in the story of Deirdre—real taste in their artistry. As Yeats has said, of the two accounts of the battle of Clontarf, the Norse is epical, the Irish is lyrical; the one is told by warriors, the other by poets. And in telling the story of Gunnar our shanachies would have been tempted to save him by magic interposition, or at least have put a Druid mist about his house, or made him go forth from his dun and slay

three hundred at one circuit. They might have spoiled by overdoing, and certainly could not have improved upon, the tale of Bjarni's sacrifice.

And yet in these Norse stories we find much, especially of the supernatural, strangely reminiscent of Irish example. There are magic dwarfs, such as Dualinn and Dulinn—how cunningly suggestive of Ireland these queer names! The second-sight, the recurrence of omens, the weaving of a mist of invisibility, the semi-human entities—did these come from Ireland to the Norse or from the Norse to Ireland? Those convulsions, for example, of Cuchulainn, though greatly overdone to the point of being comic to our taste, were they perhaps only exaggerations of the Berserk fury? We know that certain professional warriors among the Vikings made an art of contorting their faces and their limbs, making terrible howlings and tearing off all their clothes in combat. In their many battles against the Norse in Ireland the Irish must have encountered many such terrible fellows, and our shanachies would add to their descriptions of heroes and make into a literary convention after their fashion such a touch, but making it more than human.

Of this argument there will perhaps be no end, but only advocates of one side or the other. In an age devoid of literary bigotries, let us enjoy to dwell now in the simple and human records of Norsemen, and again in the poetic and elaborate conceptions of our own ancestors, which are the more dear to us. That Icelandic literature might never have been without Irish we can well believe, and we perhaps have in Aud Djupaudga "the wealthy," queen and widow of Olaf the White, King of Dublin, a link in the story. Our author tells us that after her husband's death about 900 she retired to Iceland with a great company of retainers, and settled in Broadfirth, the most fertile part of the island. "Her brother-in-law Helgi lived near her, and from him and other ancestors sprang most of the chiefs around whom those stories cluster. Many scholars have seen in the infusion of Irish blood brought into the Norse stock by Queen Aud and others one of the main factors which help to explain the sagas." Perhaps among the chattels which gave her the reputation of wealth in a simple community were Irish captives, shanachies and harpers, who touched the Norse heart as Greek slaves touched the heart of the Romans.

A Wanderer in Sicily

BY LOUIS GOLDING.

A pilgrim from the western world who wishes to pay tribute to the magnificence of the Greek genius as rendered in stone, need travel no further than Magna Graecia, to-day known as Sicily. It is true that the lower regions of Italy were also part of the golden civilisation which pressed outward from the small compact heart of Greece as the petals from the calix of a flower. But only Paestum, the incomparable majesty of Paestum, survives in the regions which were Greece in Italy. Elsewhere along those southern malarial coasts, you will learn how completely monuments so august may crumble into sand and desolation. There are not even two drums of a column left standing together among the twisted pines—nothing but a few funeral trinkets in cold local museums and the echoes of great names. When the train goes echoing through Sybaris, which made all past and future luxury a mockery, do the dispossessed ghosts gather wailing round the steel fiend, seeking for their unsubstantial rouge to redden phantom lips? Along all these waste coasts stood the tinted marble of temples. Nothing remains but sand dunes and racked pines blown inward by the fury of the sirocco. Bridge after bridge lies tumbled into the swift shallow rivers where the Greek youths once bathed. Northward from the sea extend the vast malarial plains. Southward along the sea the lean wolfhound destroyers lie tense in those same blue waters where once the galleys of the expunged empire darted, bringing in purple from Tyre and sponges from the Dodecanese Islands.

And yet only a few leagues away, across the waters of Messina, you may more swiftly and completely surround yourself with the sensation of the immortality of Greece than in the motherland herself, saving in Athens only. It is far easier to recreate the brilliant town once known as Acragas, to us known as Girgenti, where the saffron-tawny temples are ranked against the African sea, than to refashion the splendour of Olympia or Delphi, whose real secrets hand themselves over to an archaeologist only.

Greek architecture was the consummation of the antique building as Gothic has been of the Christian, the modern, and the traveller from England will bring with him into Sicily memories of its finest examples to compare with the supreme examples of

Greek architecture he will meet here—Lincoln, Paris, Milan to set against Taormina, Segesta, Girgenti. He will realize how Gothic, as it has been said, is “an architecture designed to rise out of the level plains, the indomitable spire catching up the flow of the flat lands and lifting their supplication to heaven.” Greek architecture, he will realise in Sicily, addresses itself to Gods of the earth and the sea, so that it attains its fulness in the sea’s neighbourhood, whether exalted upon an acropolis as at Sunium or on the sea’s edge as at Paestum or midway on the cliffs as at Selinunte. At Girgenti, the sea is part of the very fabric of the temples. They are inseparable. They would not be so august a line of temples nor so kingly a line of temples if they had not been set together till the end of days.

A writer in these latter times who still dares to find beauty in Gothic and Greek architecture, must not be overbold in his praise of them. Does not the younger *intelligentsia* that divides its time between Augsburg and Lecce find that nothing is architecture worthy of the name that precedes the *seicento*? Pheidias had merits, they allow, but Bernini is the man for their money. The temples of Paestum by moonlight constitute an admirable picture-postcard but you only reach civilisation with the baroque of Salzburg.

I must confess that I was obscurely troubled by this campaign against Hellas. (Gothic and the Middle Ages have earlier been demolished, have they not? Did not Ruskin support them? How are they then supportable?) So that it was with dark forebodings I returned to Sicily last spring to gaze once more on the temples that line the sea at Girgenti and on that most solitary shrine that stands folded within the quiet hills at Segesta and those temples in Selinunte that lie prostrate among the asphodel where the great earthquakes felled them.

It may be the residue within me of original sin or some constitutional obliquity of vision; but the Greek temples seemed to me again the supreme achievements of all men dead or living, whether they retain almost all their pristine bulk like the Temple of Concord at Girgenti or whether not more than four pillars roofed by a fragment of architrave and pediment hold the hyacinth sky, like the Temple of Castor and Pollux in the vineyard not far away. What was more, a single fallen drum at Selinunte, a chipped cornice-block, seemed incorrigibly to me of more value

than all the protracted ostentation of Versailles. Indeed, even though it was to Greece herself, the mother of all this beauty, that I directed my steps after having once more gazed through the orchestra of the theatre at Taormina upon the vast lily of Etna filling the heavens, after once more burying myself deep in rosemary under the single awe of Segesta—even in Greece herself I still bore with me from Olympia to Delphi, from Bassae to Athens, the enchantment of the provincial temples of Sicily. It is because Greece herself has such gravity, such austerity. The temples have almost an abstract beauty, almost as if they were the mathematical symbols of an idea, as if they were harmony miraculously expressed in stone. They are white as thought (excepting only the Parthenon, which stands outside generalisation or aesthetics) against the vacant intense blue. In Sicily the temples are more sensuous; they are the very apotheosis of colour, whether you see them embowered in the blossoming almonds in spring, or in the time of the swelling grapes during the late summer, or in winter, when they rise like flames out of the quenched earth.

The calm urbanity of the temples in Girgenti is emphasised by the ferocity of the inhabitants of the modern city that crests the rifted hills. If Messina has been more repeatedly bludgeoned by the hand of God than any other city in Europe, few cities can have suffered more calamitously from the hand of man than Girgenti. Greek blood and Roman, Carthaginian and Saracen, Norman and Italian, have made thick rivulets age beyond age down the sloping streets. The whole landscape still is a reek of sulphurous fires as if the conflagrations of antiquity are not yet extinguished. But forever and forever the Greek temples on the hill against the sea have survived as a testament of immortal beauty. In the Cathedral at the heart of that bad sullen town you will come across the first traces of the mellow Greek gravity, for here stands a sarcophagus of Hippolytus, which Goethe, who saw it in 1787, found incomparable among monuments of its kind in Italy—Phaedra almost dead for love and the doomed youth hunting the free acres of morning. You will then leave the town behind you, the secret men whispering in doorways and looking out malevolently upon you under their thick brows. (Do not other Sicilians make rhymes somewhat fearfully upon this city—*Girgenti, male gente?*) Then in the trough of those frozen waves

of landscape you will come across a church—San Nicola—Gothic enough if you pass it swiftly. But lingering a half-hour there you will perceive that it is all put together out of pagan Greek stone; you will perceive that that cornice lined by the Christian saints supported of old time architrave and pediment. Now make your way through twisted silvery-grey olives and the foam of almond-blossom momentarily threatening to break on your head into purple spindrift. The revelation is to be withheld but a little longer. Here then is *Graecia Immortalis*—golden stone and hyacinth sea.

There are the remains of nine or ten temples at Girgenti—but it is these on the hill-top, named of Juno and of Concord, that so magnificently take the eye, the second of them being one of the most perfect Doric temples in existence, owing to the accident which converted it into a church of St. Gregory during the Middle Ages. A different destiny, indeed, from the superb temple at Syracuse which also was to be preserved by a similar conversion—but not so much preserved as entombed. Almost as impressive in its ruin as these two in their persistence, is the enormous Temple of the Olympian Zeus, where the traveller will alight upon a prostrate Colossus lying there like a Samson in the temple he pulled down about his head. What flowers lament him, the fallen Colossus of the ancient world, what odours encompass him—anemones and crocuses, jonquils and thyme, marigold and asphodel and the charging breakers of almond-blossom! All the way to the fragment of the Temple of Castor and Pollux the tides of flowers sway and surge, all the way to the homestead of my friend, Giuseppina, and there you may take dinner upon the marble drum of a Greek column, which shall serve you for table. And cheese and figs and wine and bread will be provender—and seeing that they who set up these temples and worshipped there dined in this manner, you will lift, not without pride, a beaker of Sicilian wine from the foot-slopes of Etna to the vanished glorious ghosts.

If the grim and forbidding sulphur country that prolongs its wasted leagues northward from Girgenti emphasises the effortless grandeur of the temples, the western coast of Sicily between Messina and Syracuse is brilliant as an illuminated missal, so that Taormina does not isolate itself from all that beauty so much as confirm and consummate it. All the way down the cliffs to the

beach, the groves of lemons and oranges are lit by the lamps of their fruit as if the place anticipated carnival by many joyous days. Above the village the golden mountains subdue themselves into a most fantastic architecture of towers and domes, pinnacles and minarets; almost at their summit, it seems, the dizzy and improbable hamlet of Castelmola swings like a crow's nest in an elm. You might think that not humans inhabit there, not even the Greek gods who led the antique colonists here to establish Tauromenion and build its superb theatre. It seems the home rather of the crude primal spirits who contorted these hills so strangely, borrowing fire for their labours out of the immanent forge of Etna.

It is not probable that any race in the world had so unerring a sense of landscape as the Greeks, and where they placed their theatres you may be certain that the world attains its climaxes of beauty; for they were aware that nothing less was an adequate setting for a poetry and drama which the gods themselves might have composed and declaimed. From the Greek theatre on the promontory of Tindari extends the burning Tyrrhenian sea, feathered with the Aeolian plumes out of which Stromboli soars, lofty and entranced as a dream. From the theatre at Syracuse a landscape of such solemnity is to be seen, of so austere a silence, that it has the orchestral effect of a symphony in a vast cathedral. At Megalopolis in Arcady and on the slopes of the Acropolis, landscapes no less august are to be seen by the spectator listening to the imagined choruses and allowing his mind to wander to the skies and meadows whose deities they interpret. But in no Greek theatre, and therefore nowhere at all in the world, do his eyes encounter a landscape of such sublimity as he sees at Taormina, looking out between the tumbled pillars to the crystal cone of Etna. Indeed he is vouchsafed a double vision, for if he climbs to the topmost tier and turns his back on Etna, he gazes out upon the blue straits of Messina with the illimitable headlands of Calabria deploying southward towards the Ionian sea. Withdrawn into the secrecy of that harsh land, lifting its huge shoulders above the lost chestnut-woods and the discouraged pines, rises Mount Aspromonte, staring across the peacock straits into the proud eye of Etna.

The village of Taormina itself will be delight enough to the traveller who dare not gaze too long on such austerities, whether

he note the Sicilian-Gothic palaces with their cunning chequer-work of lily marble and midnight lava or stand in the piazza by the Catania Gate looking upon the cathedral or down the steep cliff through gesticulating thickets of *ficchi d'India* into the quiet sea heaving like a monster asleep. Or he may sit down upon the steps of the Fountain of the Four Beasts, marvelling at the grotesque mediaeval lady who has set herself up thereon to be the tutelary genius of this pagan place. But she has doubts of the strength of her tenure; at the time of the vintage, when the strangers are not there, their allegiance is to Dionysus. Later it is Santo Dollaro who has their obeisance. But they, and the strangers likewise, go their way. The Theatre survives. Etna survives. From century to century the green canaries in spring flit through the silver silence of the olive-groves.

There is, I have perhaps demonstrated, something spectacular—even though the spectacle be for the gods—about Girgenti and Taormina. The temple of Segesta thrusts itself into the heart of the hills as if to make itself less a spectacle than a shrine; we learn with a sense of fitness that it was to Diana the temple was dedicated, to the chaste goddess, chaste but not impersonal, a breathing goddess, not an abstract creed; so that the pillars, at once firm of texture and elegant of poise, are as much a rendering of her spirit as any statue. The site of the temple at Segesta can only be compared in all the Greek world for solitude and awe with the temple of Bassae in the Peloponnese, which was dedicated to Apollo, god of the day, Diana's antitype. But Bassae is white and remote, being Greek and ideal, Segesta is a thing of flowers and flame, being Sicilian and sensuous. Far off between the narrow hills gleams a blue sword of the Greek sea beyond the village of Castellamare.

Greece in Sicily, Greece not merely a dream. . . . Get you home, wanderer. The sword of the sea beyond Castellamare flashes with the first fire of sunset. And wheresoever you sleep to-night, Calatafimi or Arabian Alcamo, the way is long and the bed will be hard. This is the path, down towards the gravelly bed of the Crimesus. No violets grow there now.

Two Notes on Poetry

BY LYLE DONAGHY.

I.—RESTRAINT OF POETRY

For all ordinary purposes, we may take it that restraint is sought only because, directly or indirectly it leads to pleasure—at any rate in poetry. The pleasure taken in the restraint is due to its providing us with certain satisfactions. Thus there is the satisfaction which is difficulty overcome; the satisfaction which is simple economy—for loss, waste, diffusion, are not generally causes of pleasure to the human mind—and, finally, there is the satisfaction which is relief, the relief of Wordsworth's Ode to Duty: "O, let my weakness have an end."

Reviewing the position from a slightly different point of view, restraint appears as one, if not the fundamental condition of poetry; for it is difficult to separate the idea of restraint from that of constraint, the idea of constraint from those of preservation and perpetuation, which are at least half-way ends of all poetry occupied with the beautiful. Certainly it would be hard to find a criticism that would separate out the notion of captivity from the notion of a monument. But all creation is necessarily, at some time, a moulding into form, and as such not possible without restraint.

What has to be considered in the technique of poetry, using technique in Pater's extended sense of the word, is the kind and degree of the restraint employed. I divide restraint in poetry into two kinds, spiritual and material. By spiritual restraint, I mean the fitness, I will even say the decorum of the thought. By material restraint, I mean that restraint which would commensurate the form to the idea. That these are not, in practice, the same, is discoverable from the fact that a retrenching of the form is frequently an accentuation of parts already overstated in an idea. Few things have a more unpleasant effect than straightened bombast—that intensive rhetoric which Verlaine himself committed, crying,

"Prends l'eloquence et tords-lui le cou."

For the overweening spirit is only tolerable when overweeningly expressed. How, otherwise, could it subsist with artistic unity? Thus when the material form is not suited in size to the arrogant

spirit it is intended to convey, we have the objectionable experience of mean extravagance, with something added of horror, due to the fact that the spiritual exaggeration does not seem to have been diminished, although the writer was in a sufficiently cold and critical mood to contract the manner of its expression. In other words, if we must have eloquence, and it is natural sometimes that the human breast should swell, then it is best that it should occur in the heat of material eruption also. More pleasing and infinitely more sincere, is Marlowe's high-astoundingness than Verlaine's intensive rhetoric. Therefore the spirit itself must be clear, or we shall frequently employ ourselves worse than fruitlessly modifying the form. As a general rule, this clarity of spirit is to be found rather with the Classicists than the Romantics, for there nearly always remained something blowsy inside the romantic exuberance. On the other hand if the Classicists oftener have clarity, they, and especially the neo-classicists, give more frequent and much the more glorious examples of intensive rhetoric.

But material restraint itself is of two kinds ; there is first the restraint in the choice of a material medium, that is in the material itself, and afterwards there is the restraint used in adapting the material to the artist's purpose, which, for the sake of clarity, I will call restraint of the method. Thus it is of considerable moment whether a sculpture be in stone or wood, and similarly it is vital in poetry, whether a work be closely expressed or otherwise, a distinction which manifests itself through the general style of the poet. I would instance the Racinian drama as an example of a poetry where the restraint is more of method, and the choruses in *Samson Agonistes* as an example of a poetry where it is more of the material. Extreme restraint of the one kind may be made to compensate for a partial lack of the other. The number of poets is considerable, who have depended for the efficiency of their form chiefly upon the restraint of the material itself. It included Wyatt, Donne, Crashaw, Herbert and Hopkins. But the most illuminating example of restraint of the material is to be found in the successful free-verse of Whitman. Free-verse is less a measuring, a hooping, or a boxing—than a graining, mobilising and directing. Compare, for a moment, the free-verse of Whitman and that of Carpenter. Whitman's succeeds through his accentuation of this intrinsic, organic quality, this hard graining which I have called the restraint of the material.

Carpenter's, on the other hand, fails precisely because it is lacking in this very quality. So, in passing, it is worth observing that the dangers of free-verse are (1) that from its concentration on diction it develops a vocabulary overcharged with original and aggressively novel elements, and (2) that from the excess of the virtue of the restraint of the material it degenerates into the cryptic.

All material restraint but particularly the restraint of the material itself relates poetry to sculpture. The link is to be found in the epic. In epic, restraint, nay, the word "epic" itself is synonymous with integrity of the whole. That is why so many poems that are fine narratives are not epics; and that, again, is why "Paradise Lost" is a great epic. For one thing, that is not restrained which leaves lines tied together like bundles of faggots. In poetry, strictly speaking, and with all due respect to Milton, there is no such thing as "building" the lofty rhyme—all is cut here, the colossus like the cameo:—

"Sculpte, lime, cisèle,
Que ton rêve flottant
Se scelle
Dans le bloc résistant."

Thus far, restraint as the cardinal virtue in poetic technique. The excess of the virtue leads to various abuses. I have already remarked upon the abuses due to the excess of the virtue in free-verse. Inordinate love of restraint is often conditioned by exhaustion or constitutional weakness. In such cases it is in constant danger of degenerating into the merely epigrammatical. The satisfaction of relief, which I referred to at the outset as one of the pleasures occasioned by restraint, is productive of the most various abuses. In the first place it leads to that uninspired mechanical rigidity vulgarly named Puritanism. It leads equally directly to a divergent vice, a kind of sensual austerity, the extreme of which is commonest in religious fanatics, and a certain type of pathologically aesthetic poet, but in which great numbers luxuriate, from time to time, more or less harmlessly.

II.—THE ABSTRACT IN POETRY

There are two kinds of abstract ideas; one of them is less than shadow; but the other is real, an object, having as much claim to that title as the most concrete of concretes. To which kind a

particular abstract belongs depends upon the particular use made of it. An abstract in point is "love." Used sentimentally, "love" is prone to be a shadowy substitute for particular realities of experience. So used, it is the first most infallible, most universal, timelessly filling never filled snare of young and minor poets, with whom the ghost has all degrees of substantiality; sometimes with calf poets covering a genuine emotion, and partly communicating it, at least to calf lovers, through the rhythm; sometimes, however, so tenuous as to be under suspicion of connoting whatever nothing is. This "love" is scarcely at all an object of thought or feeling. Used philosophically, "love" may designate a conception of laws or forces; and, though invisible, this abstract has none of the qualities of the ghost; it is a true object of thought, having power to act or react upon the emotions, and to influence action. This "love" can be loved, hated, sought, fled, obeyed or disobeyed. It can, indeed, most suitably be an object of veneration.

Let us distinguish between the abstract which is not fairly an object of thought and that which is, as false and true abstracts. "Love" is a supreme example of one type of abstract which may be false or true. "Life," "time," "change," may be similarly false or true abstracts, but with individual differences. It is my contention that the "love" which may be an object of veneration, may as fitly as any other be an object of poetry, and so with all true abstracts. All abstracts which have been, are, or may be genuine portions of experience, are genuine "matter for a song," and the poet may as legitimately sing them as sing wine or women.

Moreover, true abstracts are capable of particularisation. Consider the difference between Moses' idea of love and Christ's, or between Newton's idea of time and Einstein's. Not that the poet is obliged to particularise his true abstracts; if their context is such that they are at once recognisable for true abstracts, that is all that is required of him. With good poets, however, they are, as a rule, highly particularised:

" . . . love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds."

"Corruption of best is ever the worst corruption."

There seems indeed to be a close relationship between the successful use of true abstracts in poetry and the amount of the par-

ticularisation. Dramatists more easily succeed in writing abstract poetry than epic or lyric writers, because with them the speeches are already particularised as expressions of the characters. But the difficulty of a practice is no argument against its legitimacy.

What is the origin of the popular notion that poetry must be concrete? Probably it is to be found in the observation that great poetry has generally been concrete. Although their works have rarely been entirely concrete, the great masters would seem to have attempted purely concrete works. It is likely, however, that they never forgot the value, for purposes of relief, of the true abstract, and at least one master, Lucretius, cannot be said to have been at great pains to incarnate his philosophy. It would be hard to prove any necessity that poetry should be concrete. On the contrary, it seems clear that there is no reason why any particular experience, less than another, should become poetry. There seems to be no reason on earth, outside his will and custom, why Hegel should not have written his philosophy as poetry. Nietzsche actually made the experiment, and for one of his works used a form between poetry and prose. Lord Lymington has a phrase, "philosophy must burn to poetry." It seems to me that there is a stage where all philosophy is fire, and where it is, upon the instant, poetry; but I feel that for such philosophy, the old poetic forms are inadequate; and is that not natural, for if they were best adapted to their former purposes, it would be indeed surprising if we found them best adapted to different purposes. Maybe the Hebrew poets with their religious message, succeeded so wonderfully because they had a poetic form between poetry and prose, a form which had been evolved to convey that type of poetry and not another.

It is surely not for transient uses—such as would become more apparent upon our return to the so-called stricter forms—that free-verse has come upon the scene. The need is great that modern poetry should admit philosophy, not in drops and guarded trickles, for relief, and a kind of silver adornment, but as a thing desirable in itself; and of all types of forms, free-verse seems most adapted to receive the new element in bulk. As it was adapted to receive the new America, free-verse is adapted to receive the new age.

It is a chief part of the significance of "The Testament of Beauty" that there the late Poet Laureate has made serious concession to prose in the form of the poem. Somewhere between

prose and verse he has evolved a form which has a little of the ductile quality of free-verse and yet does not displace altogether the simple repetitive principle of regular metre, but rather employs it with greater subtlety. I cannot think, however, that his poem technically has more than an experimental value. Not as water from a controlled fountain, nor as streams through artificial parks, the new spirit shall take its way. The new form that we are awaiting shall come, at length, after one legend of the phoenix, not out of the ashes of the old, but of the last breath of the bird breathed into a hollow in the desert sand.

The Celt in Louis Hémon

BY A. RIVOALLAN.

Most of the thousands of people who have read *Maria Chapdelaine* are probably unaware of certain important facts, but for the knowledge of which they can hardly form a just estimate of Hémon's personality. It is generally believed that the now famous novel had only to appear, and immediately sprang up into its glorious million of copies; and it is generally little known that this particular work is one in a series of preceding works of a very different stamp. Now, what a vast majority of readers do know is that *Maria Chapdelaine* must be looked upon as a kind of literary—or even to some extent philosophical—"last will and testament": they know this, because it has been widely advertised; and they never stop to think how unwarrantable it is to speak of a testament, or better of a definite intellectual position, when studying the supreme effort of a man who died at thirty-three—and by accident.

A few words may not be amiss at the outset to sketch the history of the novel itself, destined to such fame in later years. Louis Hémon, hailing from London, had reached Canada, in October 1911, and after some experience as a workman had settled down as a farm-hand in Péribonka, near Lake St. Jean, province of Quebec. After a few months of this rough, primitive life, he withdrew in the near vicinity to write down and arrange his memories and observations, which took shape in his imperishable novel. The manuscript he sent to the French newspaper *Le Temps*, who approved of it and undertook to give it as a serial. Hardly was the manuscript despatched when Hémon, on his way to the West along the railroad, fell a victim to an accident, and was found dead on the track at Chapleau, Ontario, on July 8, 1913.

The serial in *Le Temps* was continued from January 27 to February 19, 1914—the only information they had about the writer came through their acceptance being returned them with the word "deceased" across the envelope. And one day an Inspector-General of Public Education entered their offices, and after being shown the manuscript, the letter which accompanied it and the fatal envelope, knew that his lost son Louis and the author of the novel were one and the same person.

Though the publication in *Le Temps* drew very little attention in France, it created quite a stir in Canada. Never since Crémazie—and how many could still remember Crémazie?—had French Canada been favoured with such an interpreter—and this emotion, felt by a few scholarly readers, led to the publishing of *Maria Chapdelaine* first in French at Montreal, then in other towns, and later to an English translation that sold considerably all over North America, in England and in every English-speaking country.

When after nearly five years the war cloud was lifted and French literature was able to revive, the book was revealed all but simultaneously to two Frenchmen, either of whom was in a position to send it spinning into a successful run. A French Canadian sent the novel to the Breton poet and novelist, Charles Le Goffic, now a member of the Academy, and pointed out that the writer was himself a Breton; indeed the discovery soon came that this Hémon was the son of Felix Hémon, the Inspector mentioned before, and the nephew of a political man of Finistère, the nephew and godson of Louis Hémon; both Felix and Louis were close personal friends to Le Goffic. He therefore started an enthusiastic campaign, which was about to result in the publishing of the novel by Plon, when a rumour spread through the literary circles that *Maria Chapdelaine* had been singled out by M. Daniel Halévy to start a new series, now famous, "Les Cahiers Verts." Picked out with wonderful judgment, nearly all the volumes in the series rank with the best of their times. But Hémon's book sprang all at once to the forefront; when the publisher Grasset gave it in a common edition, it rushed into a dazzling career, as no less than six hundred thousand copies were turned out and actually sold. It was a kind of apotheosis for the memory of the man who had lived his hidden life and suffered solitary death on the track near Chapleau. Here a mausoleum was erected over his remains; a pyramid and a palm mark his stay at Peribonka; and Quebec has a statue of Louis Hémon. Not however, without fierce opposition. However loudly,—too loudly, as I think—one religious and one political side may have claimed him as their own, as the very expression of their ideal, some townspeople of Canada held him as a slanderer: flushed in the pride of their streetcars, of their material civilisation, they twice unfastened the statue from its pedestal to throw it into the river. Yet, all this was glory. France herself was

shaken at last into recognition and praise ; Brittany was roused by Le Goffic and a host of learned journalists, so that in August, 1925, in the presence of a Canadian deputation, a memorial stone was fixed to Hémon's native house in Brest, 33, rue Voltaire.

Now, is not this taking biography the wrong way up ? But one has to do so, if only to trace the origin of the mistake so universally current about Hémon. Everyone at that time saw him as a staunch conservative, as a man inflexibly attached to the past, a view that had some logic in it, it must be confessed, when we take out a page almost at random from *Maria Chapdelaine*. Let us read again, for instance, the famous passage on the "great voice" perceived by Maria, still fresh in the loss of her dear François Paradis, the great voice of religious and national tradition that orders her not to drop into town life, easy life, Americanism—but to melt her personal destiny into the necessities of her race, to sacrifice her faithfulness to her dead lover on the altar of a higher, a more exacting fidelity.

"The voice said : We came three hundred years ago and have come to stay. They who took us hither might come back in our midst without bitterness and without sorrow, for if it be true that we have learnt little, assuredly we have forgotten nothing.

"We had brought with us from over the seas our prayers and our songs : they are still the same. We had brought within our breasts the heart of the men in our land, a gallant and a quick heart, as ready for pity as for laughter, the most human of all human hearts : it hath not changed.

"Round about us strangers have come ; they have taken up nearly all the power, they have acquired nearly all the wealth ; but in the land of Quebec nothing has changed. Nothing can change, for we are a testimony. These people, it shall be said, are of a race that knows not how to die. We are a testimony.

"Therefore you must stay in the province where your fathers have stayed and live even as they have lived, to obey the unexpressed command that rose within their hearts and passed down into ours, and that we are to hand down in our turn to many children : in this land of Quebec nothing must die, nothing must change."

How nobly serene the whole page sounds ! and how natural the tendency to turn the writer of so splendid an invocation into

an enthusiastic defender of everything like tradition, fixedness, immovable fidelity to all that once was. Yet, before we can fairly judge this inspired interpreter of French Canada, we should perhaps know whence he came, what he had thought and written before. The whole work of Louis Hémon is seen in a wrong light because of the dazzling triumph of *Maria Chapdelaine*, which is not, as everybody seems to make it, a starting point, but just the reverse. The day will come when most of the criticism heaped about this posthumous masterpiece shall crumble of its own accord, when facts and documents allow us to draw the line leading to serene acceptance of Catholicism, but only through revolt and anarchy.

What is known of his life-story is clear enough in this respect.¹ Born of a distinguished, but perhaps too conventionally limited father, he belonged to a very serious, very respectable family of civil servants and lawyers: "Sénateur, député, professeur, inspecteur général de l'enseignement, conseiller de préfecture, inspecteur colonial des finances," such titles, even if they have no strict equivalence out of France, serve to show in what surroundings Louis Hémon was brought up. He was educated at the Lycée de Brest, then at Louis-le-Grand, in Paris, and later read for law, with an eye upon the colonies; indeed he was to have entered the Ecole Coloniale; he had even secured a degree in the language of Annam, and would probably have been lost for literary fame, but that a brother of his died at that very time of typhoid fever, and the reluctant young man had to promise he would no more think of the colonies, a heartbreaking promise, no doubt, for the career was not a temptation to him as a career, only as a means of quenching a thirst in him, a longing for distant places "over the hills and far away."

This disappointment possibly explains how he now turned to sport and was one of the first Frenchmen who wrote about sport. He contributed a good many articles to the *Vélo*, later to become *l'Auto Vélo* and to-day simply *l'Auto*. And then, mysteriously, holding his promise good only so far as the French colonies were concerned, he disappears, and we find him again in London, where he had fished out some job, at twenty-one. It may be said that London was his principal residence for a

¹ I beg thankfully to acknowledge a deep debt to my friend, Professor Charles Chassé, for all the data concerning Louis Hémon's biography, the elements of a book which I hope he may write as soon as possible.

period of eight years, 1903-1911. From London, he sent to *Le Temps*, in August 1907, a short story that was published in seven successive issues in the following March, *Lizzie Blakeston*. London, its slums, its struggles, its miseries, is the background of all the other tales which M. Daniel Halévy later collected in a book, *La Belle que Voilà*. London is the scene of *Battling Malone*, written at a moment when Carpentier leaped into fame as a boxer. In London poor Mike O'Grady, a Roscommon lad, tosses his hard head against life and society in the cruel game of *Blindman's Buff*. And what, it may be asked, was a man such as Louis Hémon, whose father and uncles could so easily have given him a secure position in some office in Paris, doing in London? Well, we don't know what he was doing there; for if he ever had any passions, a cousin tells of him, they were sport and silence. Failing the knowledge of what he actually did, we can at least point out what he was flying from: the society in which he had been brought up, "bourgeoisie," officialdom, social chains and fetters. On this point a tale of his, published in the *Vélo*, October 26, 1904, is so characteristic that it may detain us a while.

A young man is secretary to the *préfet* in a small provincial town. "He had brought himself by degrees to limit his life within the tiresome circle bounded to the North by public opinion, to the West by republican principles, to the East by hierarchical deference, and to the South by the intangible Wisdom of an ill-washed bourgeoisie." Now, because he has adopted a wandering dog, the young man finds himself leading another life beside his perfectly correct and normal official life, the life of a night wanderer, of a free, chainless poet, and he resigns his post, not, however, before he has spoken some of his mind to a gathering of the High People: "He told them he was leaving through the fear he might some day become as one of them. He told them they were distorted and ridiculous, some as lean as skeletons, some with a fat paunch, all of them alive to their importance, and to the majesty of the shabby principles they were serving. He told them their progeny would inherit their physical and intellectual shortcomings, and they would meet Death, having seen nothing of life, but a shape hideously disfigured by inveterate prejudice and mean ambition. The Inspector of Schools was smiling a contemptuous, indulgent smile; the Tax Collector opened a speechless mouth, the *Prefet*, with a wrinkle on his bald

skull, stretched out a commanding finger. But before he had time to speak a word of wrath and reproof, the Secretary said in a detached tone of voice ' You know, one can go over to Canada for fifty Francs.' "

Now all these officials so disrespectfully treated by the young man might belong to Hémon's own people; their titles, their functions are exactly those of his father and his uncles. However silent he may have been in private, is not this short story a flash of vivid light on the inner tragedy of his soul? However guarded his letters may prove, and however highly he may in later days extol the family as a social factor, is not this as expressive of his feelings as a whole book of Samuel Butler's? Here we have a different Hémon indeed from the stiff wooden image he has been changed to. Here we have a man full of contempt and defiance, a man in open revolt.

Revolt and pessimism. His dear little *Lizzie Blakeston* for having one night danced and pleased—saltavit et placuit—is so sick of her daily horizon that she walks straight into the Thames, at the very moment when her uncle is confidently asserting " everything has ended well." " Everything," the author concludes, " had ended well indeed, especially with Lizzie, whom the ebbing tide was gently driving down to the sea." Pat Malone, Battling Malone as he is called, revolts when Lady Hailsham, who had somewhat rashly encouraged him, ceases to do so; and the lady has to discourage him once for all with two smart revolver shots.

But we should turn to *Blindman's Buff* to form a correct idea of Hémon's violence in thought and word before he started for Canada. How bitterly he exposes the self-complacent philanthropists, the idle, the mundane, the hypocrites, all those who would like to stave off any social danger with a dole of words and half-hearted intentions. Throughout the book, there runs a secret revolutionary flame: not that Mike O'Grady's poor wavering spirit in any way represents the writer, but we feel he has been bending over the miserable slums of London with a heart full of pity, not of contempt or fear; and he is surely nearer to those wretched brothers of his than he ever can be to a bourgeois.

How then did Canada and its rural life bring unexpected calmness and serenity to Hémon's violent, saddened vision? Over there, at any rate, he was no more face to face with social wrong, with undeserved sufferings, with a degraded, humiliated

form of labour. Over there, in those great wild natural surroundings, the sound and primitive laws of mankind again assert themselves; he who sows is also he who reaps; he who makes a mistake is the first, if not the only victim of his mistake. In the simple play of cause and effect the soul finds a balance and a purity. Thus the furious, bitter revolt in *Blindman's Buff* and the noble peace in *Maria Chapdelaine* appear no longer as contradictions, but as the two successive parts of one symphony, the two reactions, the one as spontaneous as the other, of one and the same temperament in the midst of contrasted surroundings.

One and the same temperament, and a wholly Celtic temperament. These Hémons of Finistère are said to have some Irish blood in their veins; it would surely be interesting to know more about this than we do. But even if it were not so, it is no paradox to say that Louis Hémon, though he wrote so much about London and Canada, and not a word about his native Brittany, was yet above all a Celt and a Breton. So was Chateaubriand, who poured down into the romantic movement all the heart-longing and the melancholy of our race, and he only spoke of Brittany in his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*; so was Renan, and he never mentioned Brittany before his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. When we think moreover that Hémon died at thirty-three, it would be bold to say that he might not some day have turned his eyes to the old country of his birth.

Did he ever, I wonder, really turn his eyes *from* that old country? His vision of London comes to him through an Irishman, an Irishman straight from Roscommon. How could Hémon write the name Roscommon and dwell on it, and not immediately see the dear Breton places rise in his mind's eye? Rosporden—Rosnoen, Rosmorduc, Rostrenen, the country is full of them. When we look at disillusioned Mike, a big child whom life has cheated, or Battling Pat, Battling Malone, we call up at once the sturdy lads on their way back from a "pardon" near Quimper. The slightest trifle will make them quarrel and fight savagely, yet they are, on week days, when drink has not driven them mad, good, kind, obliging souls. Or again Mike and his endless hesitations, as he blindly gropes his way between too many theories and creeds, may stand for Brittany, and her way of rushing from fidelity to every thing of the past into enthusiasm for everything

new. For in Brittany, as some long held true for Ireland as well, a moderate, sensible party, wishing to take practical and rational advantage of the passing realities, does not stand a fair chance; the race has an instinct that rushes without transition from conservatism to communism, and back again. When Hémon describes his Irishman in London, he is not doing reporter's work; he is in a subtle, artistic, half unconscious way giving us an indirect vision of his own countrymen in Brittany.

If we turn to his Canada, let us not forget that the French stock there does not consist of Normans only, there are many Breton families too, and I know more than one in my small district who went there in recent years never to come back. So that Hémon, coming to Canada, came into his own, the virtues he extols are Breton virtues, the peasants whose grit and stern morality he admires are replica of the peasants he used to meet in his childish days working at the field near Fouesnant or Quimper; for a Breton peasant in those days, before the touristic vogue fairly began to rage, before the war and its aftermath had somewhat spoil the Breton standard of spiritual life, had less in common with the rest of France than with the descendants of those who had given Quebec to the French kings.

To conclude, I should say that the national type, or even more broadly the Celtic type of mankind has two contrasted profiles, one expressing revolt, the other resignation. In the first part of his life and work Hémon freely showed us the rebel that was so natural a part of himself. Then, discovering a country where the soul, where spiritual life is not yet quite a slave to the evil power of gold and materialism, a kind of thanksgiving rose up to his lips, a grave and proud song of gratitude that was *Maria Chapdelaine*. But let us not limit our knowledge of Hémon to his posthumous novel, let us not even try to foresee what might have followed, if a longer term of life had been granted him. Such as it is, the whole work, and not one part of it; the whole man, and not one side of him, are great enough and characteristic enough for us, Celts, to take pride in Louis Hémon as one of our own race.

Three Dreams

BY ROBERT BRENNAN.

(I give these three dreams exactly as I wrote them down on awaking. I have dreamt many such but only a few have been noted down because they become blurred or lost if I do not think of them the moment I awake.

They differ curiously in presentation. In some of them I am a detached, impersonal spectator, in others I hear the story being told, and sometimes, I am myself the central character in the story.—R. B.).

A Leaf in the Wind

In a quiet street in Paris on an afternoon in late summer, a young man walked bareheaded. His hair was long and dark, his features pale. The intent, absent look in his eyes was interrupted for a moment as he turned them towards the bright window of one of those clean, enticing, patisseries, so noted a feature of the city. A girl was in the window, arranging the shelves. The young man stood still very suddenly and as suddenly averted his gaze from the window. He moaned softly, as though in great distress and began to murmur to himself.

"Oh God, do not be so cruel. I cannot bear it. If she is not there I shall die."

Still keeping his eyes turned from the window he entered the shop and stood beside a little table, leaning on it. He checked his moans but his excitement showed itself in his strained breathing and quivering body.

A middle-aged woman, buxom and confident, came from somewhere behind the shop. She had the straight nose, curved mouth and round, dark eyes of the Latin and she smiled a welcome to the customer.

"Good day, monsieur. What is it you wish?"

Then she saw his distress and came to his side with a movement of alarm.

"There is something wrong, monsieur?"

He seized a chair and sat down, catching her arm and motioning her to another.

"Forgive me, madame," he said with difficulty, still keeping his eyes averted from the window. "That girl there in the window..."

He stopped as the woman made a gesture of anger or astonishment.

"Do not interrupt me," he implored, "but listen to what I have to say."

He plunged rapidly into his story, speaking in a low tone so as not to be overheard.

"Two years ago I was walking in the forest of Fontainebleau. It was a Sunday afternoon and the people who had come down from Paris for the day were strolling here and there in the quiet, shaded avenues near the town. I was alone and I saw a group of people coming down a slope towards me. One of them was a girl. I cannot describe her. She was in white, and there was for me a radiance in the air when I looked at her. She had been laughing but when she saw me she stopped and her large grey eyes reflected the light I knew was in my own. Have patience with me, madame, while I speak thus. I have said it to no one before. She passed and I stood there looking after her till she and her companions disappeared round a curve in the path. She looked back once. Madame, pity me! I did not do as I should—as all my spirit was calling on me to do—speak to her then. I followed after a little while for I knew that no more was there for me anything in life without her, no peace, no joy, no hope, nothing! You do not laugh at me, madame. Anyone else would. Thanks, thanks. Alas, I could not see her again though I hastened on and on, this way and that, down into the streets of the old town, everywhere! Since then I have lived but to see her again. I soon found that she did not live in Fontainebleau and I walked the streets of Paris in the hope that one day I should see her again. A thousand times I thought I saw her and a thousand times I was deceived. I have been on the verge of despair, on the edge of death. Why do you weep, madame? Tell me I am not deceived now. I have just seen her in your window. She is there, is she not, arranging the shelves? My heart is burning with the fear that I may be again deceived. Tell me! You have a soul that is full of love, madame. Why do you weep?"

"Monsieur," said the woman, "you are right!"

"Ah, God be praised," he cried, half rising and covering her hand with kisses.

"But, monsieur . . ."

"Let me see her then."

He turned to the window. It was empty.

Facing the woman, with a scared look in his eyes, he cried :

"She has gone into the house then, yes?"

"Monsieur, listen."

She pushed him back into the chair, gently patting his head.

"I was in the forest too that day and my daughter was with me as well as my brother, Pierre and his wife. It is true. She felt as you did. She did not tell me anything till some days later when, noticing her state of mind I questioned her. At first I laughed at her story and then I saw just what you said—that there was nothing more in life for her without you. She knew too that you felt the same. We went down to Fontainebleau to search for you, but in vain. At every hotel, at every pension we enquired but nowhere was there anyone like you. Then we came back, and every day, twice, she went to Notre Dame des Victoires to light candles before the altar and pray that you would come to her. It was terrible to see her, monsieur, now transfigured with hope and certain you would come, now on the rack of doubt and unbelief. At last"

"Yes, yes, go on! Tell her that I have come, that I am here."

"Alas, monsieur," said the poor woman, bowing her head and sobbing, "it is too late . . . she died last week . . ."

Constantino

But worse than that was the day all the big, blue policemen charged down on us, and we with our shawls so tight around us we couldn't defend ourselves. And they threw our oranges and bananas and beautiful flowers very cheap ma'am all around the roadway. And one of them made a grab at me. Of course, I was thinking that if I was one of them Cumman na Monners I could kick him in the legs, but being a lady I did get me hands free and I stretched out for a piece of fresh cod on Teresa Cunningham's stall, but all of a sudden he had me in his arms and one of his eyes closed—ye'd nearly think it was a wink—and he says: "Be quiet ye little fool!" the same as Valentino said to the Sheik's daughter, and there I was as quiet as a baby

with all me bones like india rubber and then we were all wafted off to the police station. And his number on his collar was Three F Double X and he whispered that his name was Constantino. And then ye know what happened, how we were all fined and how Mr. Montague himself paid the fines and we were all let out. But there was no charge made against me. And when I looked around for him he was gone. The queer thing is that there's no policeman in Dublin with the number Three F Double X and none with the name of Constantino. So we must only conclude that it was all an aspiration, like the angels at Mons.

In the Western Country

I always thought of him walking down a hill towards me with that long stride of his, a slow motion movement, irresistible. The sun had kissed his face where the freckles were and he was young, a boy just growing to manhood. But there was great strength in his bearing and in his lusty frame. That was how I thought of him before ever I had seen him except in my dreams.

It was a day in Connemara in the western country, when the sun was shining and everything that was not purple was a silver grey. I myself would come to hate even those colours if hunger day by day was gnawing at my vitals. Then I saw him swinging down the road with that great slow motion stride of his, irresistible, and the freckles where the sun had kissed his face. His cap was turned backwards the same as those you have seen on the men in the columns down south. There was a curl behind his ear and his eyes were grey.

"So this is where you are," he said, stopping to lean over the wall.

"Where else would I be?" I answered, in the manner of the peasant.

"Aye, where else?" he said.

His eyes were on the dark waters out towards Aran.

"You are not going fishing to-day?" I asked.

"I am not," he said, and added: "Have you seen my new boat?"

"No."

"It is there beyond," he said, "in the creek at Inchnageelabwee."

I did not answer and his eyes sought mine, carelessly, unafraid.

"Have you no curiosity about it?" he asked.

"Why should I, a girl, be interested in an old boat?"

"It's a new boat," he said. "It's not a pookaun, it's a gleotheogue. It has a red brown sail and white ropes of new spun hemp."

We were silent for a while and he flung a pebble idly into the water.

"You will be doing great fishing in your new boat," I said.

"I will not," he replied. "There are blue and white oceans in the south of the world I am going to see. Maybe you would be coming with me?"

All the resolutions I had formed and all the strength I looked for were vanishing, and there was no sorrow in my heart.

"There will be wine there too," he said, "for the drinking, and girls for dancing."

I was silent still and his smiling eyes were on my face.

"'Tis with the daughter of the Queen," he said, "that I'll be dancing."

Then he came towards me, his great arms open, and I had nothing to say. As he moved beside the creek of Inchnageelabwee, with that great strong stride of his, his face was lifted to the sun and his eyes were not grey, but blue.

"The wind is from the west," he said, "and there will be a moon over the waters to-night."

He laughed softly as he laid me in the boat with the red brown sails and the white ropes of new spun hemp.

Tradition and Barbarism

BY T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

It is curious that Anti-Romanticism in literature should, to-day, although it was not in the middle of the nineteenth century, be allied with Royalism and Nationalism. The only one of the critics of Romanticism enumerated by Mr. Jones who appears to me to reason soundly is M. Julien Benda. He, unlike the rest, attacks Romanticism and Nationalism, as manifestations of the same disease. The identification of nationalism whether political or cultural with the criticism of romanticism seems to me to be absurd. Nationalism is itself emotional, not rational. Nothing can be more "affective" and even mystical (in Seillière's sense) than Barrès's conception of "la terre et les morts," in communion with which alone the individual can find himself. It is, of course, natural that those who would subject the individual to "la terre et les morts" should also wish to subject him to the State and the Church. There are two and only two diametrically opposed conceptions of life and the ordering of life: one the conformity to a code, the other self-realization. It is true that the protagonists of the former often steal the thunder of the latter by declaring that they, too, admit self-realization as the end in view, provided it be attained by conformity to their particular code, according to them the sole way of attaining it. These people are, of course, self-contradictory. There can be no middle way and no compromise between the monopolists or Truth-Trusts on the one hand, and the advocates of self-realization and the unshackled use of all our faculties without reference to any code, revealed or otherwise.

The Ruling Classes find, of course, the code-conforming type of mind most useful to them; the other type is always dangerous to their tenure of power. It is difficult to be sure whether Nationalism is, first and foremost, the expression of a particular type of mind, or first and foremost, the imposition from above by the Ruling Classes of a doctrine convenient to them. In any case it is the claim of the individual as against the Ruling Classes that Maurras and the rest of them hate. It is individualism they abominate. Theirs is the Fascist mentality: it becomes Royalism

P. Mansell Jones: *Tradition and Barbarism*, a Survey of Anti-Romanticism in France. Pp. 168. London, Faber and Faber, Limited. 7s. 6d. net.

in a Republic. Even though Romanticism was, at first, Catholic and Monarchist, emotionally only, it is true, it became speedily associated with individualistic doctrines. Through Romanticism therefore, otherwise indifferent to them, these Reactionaries attack individualism. They pretend to have reason on their side. Romanticism was indeed not rational. But Nationalism is even less rational. To-day all the rational elements are anti-national, the emotional and sensational are nationalist. The neo-classical movement is insincere and factitious, based on the lie that nationalism and reason are necessarily allied, and that individualism and romanticism are equally necessarily allied. Benda alone has blown the bubble by attacking "affective art" and nationalism together.

As between Romanticism, in so far as merely emotional, and Classicism, in so far as rational and analytic, my sympathies go to classicism, but not to the neo-classical school. All analytic art is classical, Proust and Larbaud no less than Constant, Stendhal and Racine. Maurras, Léon Daudet, Barrès, are as emotional and un-classical as Hugo, Lamartine . . . and Bergson. They are not as "sloppy" as Hugo, Lamartine and Bergson. But even Romanticism need not be sloppy. Emotions, even violent emotions, need not be false or falsely expressed. Benda is right in attacking Romain Rolland together with his political adversary Maurras. Maurras is an infinitely finer writer. Rolland, unlike him, is not a chauvinist, Jew-eater, and devourer of Germans. There is a rant and cant and claptrap of pacifism as well as of militarism. Jouve's condemnation of the European War (before his conversion) rang more true than Rolland's.

I cannot accept Mr. Jones's statement that "French Romanticism was at first, and quite justifiably, a destructive revolt, a revolt from, a destruction of, a degenerate pseudo-classicism." The Romanticism of the early work of Hugo, of Lamartine, of Chênédollé, of Chateaubriand, was a reaction against the whole of the Eighteenth Century; it laid little or no stress on a literary revolt from pseudo-classicism (much of it *was* itself pseudo-classic) but much stress on a revolt from the ideas of the Eighteenth Century and of the Revolution. It was Catholic and monarchist; subjective rather than objective; emotional rather than rational. Indeed it bears considerable resemblance to the affective irrational Catholic-Nationalist movement of to-day. The

Eighteenth Century was not, as Reactionaries try to make out, enamoured of the Ancien Régime. All its greatest writers are individualists and democratic in outlook and opponents of all that the Ancien Régime stood for, and all that Maurras and Barrès adore. After 1830, it is true, Romanticism became democratic, and also revolutionary in literature. It accepted the Revolution and the Eighteenth Century, and took a step, or many steps, forward. Maurras should love the earlier Romanticism.

The need of the weak to bow to something greater than themselves may account to some extent for the vogue of the Royalist-Nationalist movement among the more refined intellectuals. The weaker among the unintellectual adopt hero worship. The intellectual are too critical and too snobbish to accept the heroes of the mob, whether generals or film stars or airmen or football captains. They prostrate themselves before the altar or before the Divine nation and its embodiment the Divine state.

Defeat, defeat, my country and her dead,
The Holy Church gives peace.

One of the most outspoken and passionate of the adversaries of the Barresian doctrine of "La Terre et les Morts" and all it implies, Jean Guehenno calls Barrès "l'apôtre d'une classe fatiguée" made up of "cœurs tièdes, esprits médiocres, caractères faibles," and, in so far as they are moved by thought, not emotion, preferring "leurs intérêts à la vérité, leur héritage à la justice" (NRF Avril, 1930). The beautiful, haunting, melody of Barrès's prose disguises many a lie, much dishonesty and false reasoning: but no more lovely words have been written in our time. The artistic sense of the intellectual accepts what, but for the beauty of the language in which it is expressed, his reason would refuse. Barrès is the supreme "berceur": he lulls reason to sleep in the arms of his sophistry.

There is very little to choose between the various forms of Imperialism. Hindenburg and the promoters of the British Legion are twin brothers of the Camelots du Roi. The only interesting point of differentiation of the French monarchist movement is its regional programme. It owes that to the subtle genius of Maurice Barrès, who was not a Royalist but was an Imperialist (or Nationalist, there is fundamentally no difference

in outlook between, say, Irish extremist Nationalism and British Imperialism, they conflict, that is all).

Maurras, too, began as a Regionalist, but in a less subtle and less emotional (and less dishonest) way. He sought "la régénération de pouvoirs locaux amortis on domestiqués." It was not till 1896 that he became a Royalist-Nationalist.

Even if the doctrines arising from this conception of the individual's dependence on "La Terre et les Morts" be true for the region (they are not, but Barrès has so insinuating a style, such charm of words that he has almost proved, emotionally, his defeatist thesis), it in no wise follows that they are true for a confederation of regions, especially for a forced confederation like the ideal monarchist France (or the Republican France for the matter of that). It is like arguing from a garden, or a field, or a wood to that irrational entity called country without form or content, denotation or connotation, an abstraction of the politicians. I have been devotedly attached to little corners of earth, but in no wise to the geographical or political area in which they happened to be situated. Poets have made this false step in ratiocination: but not because they were poets, rather because they were politicians!

The Royalists (like Irish Nationalists) are attached to the Catholic Church, not because they believe its metaphysical doctrines to be true (Maurras does not), but because they look to the Church to order and regulate any recesses and bye-ways of conduct and thought which the State cannot reach. Their ideal is the complete ordering of life according to their doctrines from the cradle to the grave: the Church holds a similar ideal. They are both Roman before they are Christian or human. It is true that there are difficulties in this alliance. The Church has refused to play second fiddle to the *Action Française*.

The Church was willing to use the Royalists. But the Royalists wished to use the Church. So now the two born allies are at each other's throats, and good men rejoice! Maurras afforded the excuse for a condemnation of the *Action Française*, which was banned, not for its reactionary doctrines, but, ostensibly, because its leader was a Non-Catholic, who, while advocating the Romanization of France could still (as a poet) write:—

Je ne crois plus les pauvres morts
Mieux partagés que nous ne sommes.

The basis of Maurras's position (though not of his belief !) is that Catholic doctrine is the sole repository of truth, and that outside it there is only error. I cannot accept this point of view, but it will, I fear, not be so difficult for most Irishmen to agree with him. But what they will not accept is his deduction from Catholic doctrine of a corresponding monarchist doctrine. It may be illogical for a Catholic to be otherwise than a royalist ; for him to refuse to accept the " funeste maxime que le salut de l'Etat est la loi suprême," but in fact he often does so, as Fustel de Coulanges did. The truth is that Maurras is a Roman not a Catholic, and the *Action Française* is (as the Pope, in his recent "deal" with the French Republic, emphasised implicitly) Roman not Catholic. It is, of course, also absurd that an unbeliever like Maurras should prescribe for others what he refuses to believe himself. The author of the lines quoted may be a great poet, but he has no claim to speak as a Catholic. He hates Protestants not because they are non-Catholics, but in so far as (in France at least) they are Liberals, not Romans. Maurras is Treitschke latinized : Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere think (if they think) as he does.

A critic of the *Action Française* must make clear his attitude towards "Regionalism." The development of regional resources, material and spiritual, is an important feature of the doctrine of Maurras and his friends. In so far as Regionalism means this and only this, I have no quarrel with it : every region of France has its own traditions and culture and its own material resources ; it is well that each region should conserve and develop what belongs specifically to it, just as it is well that every cultural and economic unity should manage its own affairs and "realize" itself. But if regionalism should come to mean, as nationalism does in the larger sphere, an obscurantist attitude towards European and world culture and towards the economic exchange of commodities with other regions, then I will have none of it. In Ireland (and Ireland though politically independent is no larger than a region of France) we are too familiar with the narrow view of national culture, as something to be fostered artificially and enclosed in a brazen wall protecting it from European influences (we ban Huxley, Hergesheimer, Bertrand Russell) and with the narrow view of protectionist economics. It is pointless to develop the resources, intellectual and otherwise of a region or of a nation,

unless we give freely of what is ours to the world, and take freely from the world what it has to give us. Unlike Professor M. Tierney, I ask for cultural internationalism (which does not exclude, but rather postulates the realization of national culture !) and political independence (I will not say nationalism).

Freedom means freedom for every individual to "realize" himself or herself freely, and that implies not only that communion with "la terre et les morts" which Barrès and Maurras accept, but even more urgently the free and open door to European influences. He or she must take what he or she wants without let or hindrance. We are Irishmen, but we are also Europeans, and to refuse what is non-Irish is not merely obscurantism, it is spiritual narcissism, which leads to inbreeding and decay.

In the matter of regional culture the *Action Française* is sound. But in the matter of nationalism of all kinds, it is unsound. The Region is to give and take, economically, politically and culturally, but the confederation of regions—France—is to be enclosed in a wall of national prejudice. The two doctrines are inconsistent. The nationalism of Maurras is like the nationalism of the extremest Sinn Féin Irish-Irelanders.

I would go further than Maurras in regional political development: I would gladly see an independent Midi conterminous with the Langue d'oc, an independent Brittany, and an independent Alsace, bound to France only by the loosest and freest voluntary ties of economic interest. This would be anathema to the violently patriotic (I had almost said "loyalist") *Action Française*, which would take of such a proposal the view the *Morning Post* took of the separation of Ireland from Great Britain.

On the whole, Mr. Jones gives a concise and adequate summary of the situation. The weakest chapter is that on "Romantic Degeneration." The chapter on "The Case for the Defence" is weakened by taking M. Bremond seriously. After his antics at Uzès (if not before), nobody with any critical sense or any feeling for art can possibly pay any attention to his vapourings.

I suspect Mr. Jones of Fascist tendencies; he treats the Royalist movement with too much sympathy. It is probable that I loathe democracy, in all its manifestations, as we know it, even more than he does, or even more than Maurras does. But I do not think that a government by the minority will improve matters at all. Gobineau's "fils de roi" will never rule under

any form of government. And on the whole I prefer democratic misgovernment to aristocratic or oligarchic or theocratic misgovernment. The clash of interests and prejudices allows more freedom physical, mental, and moral, to the few who really matter ! And, every now and then, at least, we have the pleasure of seeing those who were first overthrown, and those who were last raised to power. That is at least amusing, and amusement is all the " fils de roi " will ever get out of the game.

Bibliographies of Irish Authors

No. 4. JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE.

By M. J. MacMANUS.

(1)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN, 1904.

In *The /Shadow /Of The /Glen /A Play in One Act /By J. M. Synge /Published by /John Quinn /New York /1904*

Collation : Large square 12mo [7" × 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ "]; pp. [24], consisting of blank leaf, pp. [1], [2]; p. [3] blank [on verso, "Fifty copies of this play printed of which this is number —"]; title, [on verso, "Copyright, 1904, by J. M. Synge"], pp. [5], [6]; half-title [on verso, List of Dramatis Personae], pp. [7], [8]; text, pp. 9-22; pp. [23], [24] blank.

Issued in glossy grey-green wrappers, lettered on front cover as on title; all edges cut.

(2)

THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN AND RIDERS TO THE SEA, 1905.

The Shadow of the Glen /And /Riders to the Sea /By /J. M. Synge /London /Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street /1905

Collation : Square 12mo [6 $\frac{1}{4}$ " × 5"], pp. [64], consisting of half-title [verso blank], pp. [1, 2]; title [on verso "All Dramatic Rights reserved by the Author"], pp. [3, 4]; divisional half-title [verso blank], pp. [5, 6]; text of "The Shadow of the Glen," pp. 7-36; divisional half-title [verso blank], pp. [37, 38]; text of "Riders to the Sea," pp. 39-63; p. 64 bears printer's imprint.

Issued in pale-blue wrappers, with title and publisher's name in black lettering on front cover and with ornamental design in centre. Advertisements of the books in the Vigo Cabinet Series are printed inside each cover. All edges untrimmed.

(3)

THE WELL OF THE SAINTS, 1905.

The Well Of The Saints. /A Play In Three Acts. By /J. M. Synge. /London : A. H. Bullen. /Dublin : The Abbey Theatre. /1905.

Collation : Small 8vo [7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " × 5"]; pp. [iv.] + [92], consisting of blank leaf, pp. [i, ii]; title [on verso, List of Dramatis Personae], pp. [iii, iv]; text, pp. 1-[92], printer's imprint at foot of p. [92]. There is a copyright notice on the inside of the front cover and an announcement of the forthcoming publication of "Kincora" on the inside of the back cover.

Issued in dark-green wrappers, title in purple lettering on front cover underneath pictorial design. All edges untrimmed.

(4)

THE WELL OF THE SAINTS, 1905.

(American Copyright Edition, published simultaneously with the edition described above).

The Well /Of The /Saints /A Drama In Three Acts /By J. M. Synge /Published by /John Quinn /New York /1905

Collation : Large square 12mo [7" × 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ "]; [pp. 55], consisting of blank leaf, pp. [1], [2]; p. [3] blank [on verso, "Fifty copies of this play printed of which this is number —" (John Quinn's initials in red ink follow)]; title [on verso, copyright notice], pp. [5], [6]; half-title [on verso, list of Dramatis Personae], pp. [7], [8]; text, pp. 9-53; pp. [54], [55] blank.

Issued in glossy, grey-green wrappers, lettered on front cover as on title; all edges cut.

(5)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD, 1907.

The Playboy Of The /Western World. A /Comedy In Three /Acts. By J. M. Synge /Dublin : Maunsel & Co., /Ltd. 1907.

Collation : fcp. 8vo [7 $\frac{3}{8}$ " × 5"]; pp. viii + [88], consisting of half-title [on verso, List of Books by the same writer] pp. [i, ii]; frontispiece portrait [not counted in pagination]; title, [verso carries copyright notice], pp. [iii, iv]; preface, pp. [v]—vii [on verso list of Dramatis Personae]; text pp. [1]-86; Cast of the First Performance, p. [87], [verso has printer's imprint]. There follow 4 pages of Maunsel's advertisements.

Issued in dark-brown linen-covered boards with grey canvas back; title in brown lettering on back; all edges untrimmed.

NOTE (i) : About a dozen copies of the Second Act were printed for copyright purposes in America by Mr. John Quinn.

(ii) : A Theatre Edition, also dated 1907, was issued almost immediately after the appearance of the First Edition. In this edition Synge's Preface and certain passages are omitted.

(6)

THE ARAN ISLANDS, 1907.

The Aran Islands : by J. M. /Synge. With Drawings /by Jack B. Yeats /(Ornament) /Dublin : Maunsel & Co., Ltd. /London : Elkin Mathews /1907 /All rights reserved.

Collation : 8vo [8 $\frac{7}{8}$ " × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ "]; pp. xii + [190], consisting of half-title [verso blank], pp. [i, ii]; frontispiece, pp. [iii, iv]; title [printer's imprint on verso], pp. [v, vi]; contents [verso blank], pp. vii, [viii]; list of Drawings [verso blank], pp. ix, [x]; Introduction, pp. xi, xii; Text, pp. 1-189; p. [190] bears Author's acknowledgment, and a page of advertisement of books by J. M. Synge follows. There are 12 full-page illustrations in black-and-white, of which only the frontispiece is reckoned in the pagination.

Issued in slate-blue buckram, lettered in gilt on front and back. All edges untrimmed.

(7)

THE ARAN ISLANDS, 1907.

(Large Paper Issue).

The Aran Islands : by J. M. /Synge. With Drawings /by Jack B. Yeats /(Ornament) /Dublin : Maunsel & Co., Ltd. /London : Elkin Mathews /1907 /All rights reserved.

Collation : Crown 4to [10" × 7½"]; pp. xii + [190], consisting of half-title [on verso "Large Paper Edition—One hundred and fifty copies, printed on hand-made paper, of which this is No. —," followed by signatures in ink of J. M. Synge and Jack B. Yeats], pp. [i, ii]; coloured frontispiece (not reckoned in pagination); title [printer's imprint on verso], pp. [iii, iv]; contents [verso blank], pp. vii, [viii]; list of Drawings [verso blank], pp. ix, [x]; Introduction, pp. xi, xii; text, pp. 1-189; p. [190] bears Author's acknowledgment. There are 12 full-page hand-coloured illustrations (including the frontispiece).

Issued in light-brown buckram lettered in gilt on front and back; all edges uncut.

(8)

THE TINKER'S WEDDING, 1907.

The Tinker's Wedding /A Comedy In Two Acts /By J. M. Synge /Maunsel and Co., Ltd. /Dublin 1907.

Collation : Small 8vo [7¾" × 5¼"]; pp. [viii] + 50, consisting of half-title [on verso, list of books by the same Author], pp. [i, ii]; title [on verso "Note" signed "J. M. S." explaining that the play has been re-written, copyright notice at foot], pp. [iii, iv]; preface, pp. v-vii [on p. viii List of Dramatis Personae]; text, pp. [1]-50. Eight unnumbered pages of Maunsel & Co's. advertisements follow.

Issued in dark-brown linen-covered boards, with light-brown canvas back, lettered in brown on back only. All edges untrimmed.

(9)

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS, 1909.

Poems and Translations /By John M. Synge /(ornament) /Cuala Press /Churchtown /Dundrum /MCMIX.

Collation : 8vo [8½" × 5¾"]; pp. [xvi] + [48], consisting of title [verso blank], pp. [i, ii]; on p. [iii]. "Two hundred and fifty copies of this book have been printed"; Contents, pp. [iv, v]; Note on John M. Synge by W. B. Yeats, pp. vi. [xiv]; p. [xv] blank, [on verso, "'What year will they write For my poor passage to the stall of Night?' J. M. Synge died in Dublin, March the twenty-fourth, Nineteen hundred and nine." Preface, pp. [1, 2]; text and divisional half titles, pp. [3-46]; colophon, p. 47; p. 48, blank.

The colophon, the divisional half-titles and the poem titles are printed in red. Issued in light-blue boards with white canvas back, lettered in black on front cover; there is a paper label with the title printed in black pasted vertically on the back-strip; fore and lower edges trimmed.

(10)

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS, 1909.

(American Copyright Edition, published simultaneously with the edition described above).

Poems And Translations /By John M. Synge /Printed for John Quinn /New York / 1909.

Collation : crown 8vo [$7\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$]; pp. xx + 44, consisting of half-title [on verso, "Fifty copies of this book have been printed of which five are on vellum"], pp. [i], [ii]; title [on verso, "Copyright, 1909, by John Quinn"], pp. [iii], [iv]; p. [v] blank; contents, pp. vi, vii; a Note on J. M. Synge by W. B. Yeats occupies pp. viii-xvi; p. xvii blank; on p. xviii, "What year will they write For my poor passage to the stall of Night?" J. M. Synge died in Dublin, March the twenty-fourth, Nineteen hundred and nine"; preface, pp. xix, xx; divisional half-titles and text, pp. [1]-44.

Issued in light-blue boards with grey canvas back, paper label with title in black lettering on front cover; top edges gilt, other edges untrimmed.

(11)

DEIRDRE OF THE SORROWS, 1910.

Deirdre Of The Sorrows : A Play /By John M. Synge /(ornament) /Cuala Press / Churchtown /MCMX.

Collation : 8vo [$8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{5}{8}''$]; pp. [viii] + [80], consisting of half-title [verso blank], pp. [i, ii]; title [verso blank], pp. [iii, iv]; preface, pp. [v, vi], [at foot of p. vi] "Two hundred and fifty copies of this book have been printed"; p. [vii] blank [on verso List of Dramatis Personae]; text, pp. [1-79], [colophon at foot of p. 79]; p. [80], blank.

The half-title, the Dramatis Personae, the stage directions throughout, and the colophon are printed in red.

Issued in light-blue boards with white canvas back, lettered in black on front cover; there is a paper label with the title printed in red pasted vertically on the back-strip; all edges trimmed.

NOTE.—Simultaneous with this edition there was an edition of 50 copies on hand-made paper and 5 on vellum done in New York for Mr. John Quinn. On comparison with the manuscript this edition showed so many errors that Mr. Quinn destroyed the entire issue except the five copies on vellum and five on hand-made paper. I regret that I have been unable to procure a copy of this edition for collation.

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WORKS. FIRST COLLECTED EDITION, 1910.

The Works Of /John M. Synge /Volume One [Two, Three, or Four] /Maunsel and Company, Limited /96 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin /1910.

Large cr. 8vo [$8\frac{1}{2}'' \times 5\frac{3}{4}''$].

Vol. I. : pp. [x] + [184], consisting of half-title, title, Publishers' Note, contents, text and appendix. [The plays in this Volume are *The Shadow of the Glen*, *Riders to the Sea*, *The Well of the Saints*, and *The Tinker's Wedding*. The appendix gives the cast of the first performances of the first three of these].

- Vol. II: pp. [x] + [256], consisting of half-title, title, contents, text and appendix. [This volume contains *The Playboy of the Western World*, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, *Poems and Translations*. The appendix gives the cast of the first performance of *The Playboy of the Western World* and *Deirdre of the Sorrows*.]
- Vol. III.: pp. [x] + 256, consisting of half-title, title, introduction, and text. [This Volume contains *The Aran Islands*.]
- Vol. IV.: pp. [viii] + 259, consisting of half-title, title, contents and text. [This Volume contains *In Wicklow*, *In West Kerry*, *In The Congested Districts*, and *Under Ether*.]

There is a frontispiece portrait of J. M. Synge to each Volume.

Issued in dark-grey buckram, lettered in gilt on back; top edges gilt, other edges untrimmed.

NOTE.—A Library Edition in five Volumes, large cr. 8vo, dark-blue cloth, was issued in the following year. In this edition the eight illustrations done by Jack B. Yeats for *In Wicklow and West Kerry* first appeared in book form.

Book Reviews

IRELAND AND EUROPEAN PRE-HISTORY.¹

In Ireland, one of the greatest obstacles to our taking up a profitable attitude to the times called pre-historic, is the tendency to think of the country as having been born an island. We must remember, however, that we are told of times before Ireland was separated from Britain, by an invasion of the sea (which statement, as far as that island is concerned needs modifying); and that England was at one time joined to France (which may not have been, necessarily, at the same period of time).

A second barrier that may obstruct our clear view, is the acceptance of the theory that we owe everything to our connection with Europe.

The pre-historic period of Europe is vast, mainly through the absence of records such as have been kept from far distant periods in India and China—more especially in India. Even the records that were preserved by the Greeks and Romans, do not form part of the equipment of the modern investigator. Herodotus was long regarded as a mere purveyor of fables, and yet he told, as history, what was considered true in his day. Like our own Geoffrey Keating, he kept an open mind with regard to much that he handed on, and is careful to state his doubts.

Whether this is true, I know not, but I write what is related—I myself, know that the following practice is observed—in my opinion they relate what is incredible

Plato, though not a historian of repute nowadays, was an Initiate in wisdom, who appreciated the ultimate necessity for Truth, and could have no interest in teaching what was false, and yet his words about Atlantis are unprofitable in these days. We are told that the whole story of the Atlantean isle is so *improbable*, and so at variance with the geographical knowledge of the Greeks, even in his time, that *it can only be considered as a mere myth*. But he says the knowledge came from the priest-historians of Egypt, to Solon, whose account he gives.

Solon, Solon, you Greeks are always children
You are all youths in intelligence for you hold no ancient opinions derived from remote tradition,

The absence of these records, he was told, was due to the custom of merely writing them down, and in consequence, when a cataclysm overtook the race, the survivors were left destitute of literary attainments, and thus they became young again, knowing nothing of the events of ancient times, either in Egypt or in their own. From very remote times the Egyptians had carved on the walls of their temples all events of importance, while, even in written records, they could trace back the history of their own city Saïs for 8,000 years. The Egyptian

¹ IRELAND'S PLACE IN PRE-HISTORIC AND EARLY HISTORIC EUROPE. An Essay by the late Walther Bremer. (Nat. Mus.) (Trans.: Dublin: Hodges, Figgis. 2s. net).

LIFE AND WORK IN PRE-HISTORIC TIMES. By G. Rénard. (History of Civilization Series.) (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 12s. 6d. net).

laughed at their tradition of one deluge of the earth, whereas there had been many before, also of their ignorance of a great race who had once inhabited Greece and from whom the people of Solon were descended.

Have we evidence to convict Plato of the dissemination of falsehood? Do we bring forward convincing proofs for the theories we rely on as superior to tradition?

There are books before me, dealing with pre-history—one a synthesis of general puttings, of over 200 pages, while the other is a mere essay of about 30 pages. In the larger volume, Ireland is not mentioned,—the smaller one emphasizes the importance of this country in relation to Europe. “Life and Work in Pre-Historic Times by G. Rénard,” is the larger, and is one of a series forming a projected history of civilization—of mankind from pre-historic times to the present day. The plan of this series is entrancing in its possibilities, and nearly a hundred titles are given of volumes, published or prospective. It is greatly to be hoped that the National Library will be facilitated in acquiring the series—the cost of purchase will be far outweighed by the value of the collection to all students of history. It is under the editorship of C. K. Ogden.

The present volume is presented as a contribution towards a synthesis of pre-history, and does not claim to bring any new facts to light, and deals only with Europe. We are warned of the impropriety of thinking of the Bronze Age, or any Age, as if it had occurred simultaneously everywhere, even in Europe. It has become, unfortunately, accepted by the majority as a certain fixed period in history, and soon after it was promulgated by the Dane Thomsen and by Lisch in Germany, that the basis of chronology in Europe must be the succession of what they called, the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron Ages, our own O’Curry protested against the general acceptance of such arbitrary periods.

Mons. Rénard accepts the theory that human activity can be traced in Europe for 100,000 years, and if we can so broaden our conceptions of man’s antiquity we may find a new use for some of our ancient sagas. Owing to the absence of any national periodical dealing with scientific research and discovery, from the popular point of view, and the wide-spread want of interest in the description of happenings in the world of thought, this is likely to be a remote prospect. More free public lectures, on the same lines as the excellent series, given under the auspices of the Rathmines Public Libraries Committee, are urgently needed. The lectures given by the Royal Dublin Society are available only to a narrow circle, many of its members being already in touch with the various subjects, through scientific magazines. It should not be impossible of accomplishment, that the highest standard children in the schools should be given a weekly talk on the subject of up-to-date happenings in the world of research. Their minds not being vitiated by the newspaper fare eagerly consumed by their elders, would welcome something out of the beaten track of school-books, and the seeds might be sown for valuable work in the future.

The material in Mons. Rénard’s work is systematized under the various heads of Food, Clothing, Weapons, Housing, Agriculture, Community-life and so forth. It partakes of the nature of a general collection of problems, arising from the various finds in many parts of Europe, but the theories advanced as to their first origins are not all such as to arouse enthusiasm. It is a shadowy, lonely world of crude efforts to keep alive, with hardly a gleam of light anywhere,—the

world he pictures. He has no use for traditions of a vanished better time—man seems to be visualized as little above the animals, during his period of pre-history, and the illustrations from various sources are rather unattractive. This is not to suggest that the author has failed in any way in his object, taking into account, the class of material he has brought together, though the explanations advanced of some of the objects enumerated, are at times not to be taken seriously. For example, it was deduced from the examination of a vast heap of Mammoth bones at the foot of a cliff in Moravia, that the hunters, who had segregated the young from a herd, and driven them over the cliff to death, took away only the brain, the nerves, and the most edible parts, and the ivory. The minute dissection involved in taking away the *nerves* from the parts of the body not required for food, would suggest unbelievable skill in these primitive men with their stone weapons. But surely there is a mistake somewhere in the statement?

As I remarked, there are no traditions, associated with that nameless wanderer, pre-historic man, and the idea of a tradition being in any way a guide to a student of this benighted greatest of all great-grandfathers, is emphatically repudiated. Golden Age!—primitive races fallen from something really great! Listen to me, says our author:

What is certain is that science has cleared all those legends away. For these pictures it has substituted one more manly and more fruitful in useful results.

What the Greeks, Romans, Persians and Hebrews taught had one flaw, that it exists only in imagination. And yet, he says, the religions of antiquity are, especially, treasure-houses of old tradition and customs.

It is interesting at this point to recall, that Science in those ancient days was inseparable from religion, and was only available to students of the Sacred mysteries. The mysteries grew profane, and the Science disappeared. It arises also from a statement made, that 'pre-history may be served by studies which do not appear related to it,' that as the science of folk-lore advances, the latter will come into important relationship with pre-history, and, besides bringing into life much that can only dimly be surmised, will give the inevitable death-blow to many a thin theory that had ousted it from its true position. Of course, it must be remembered that our author's altogether enchanting country, has not a heritage of ancient traditions such as Ireland is the fortunate custodian of. Professor Stuart Blackie, I think it was, once said that there is no tradition alive to-day, that does not owe that life to a basis of long-forgotten truth—that fiction, pure and simple could not last—or words to that effect. In turning from the work of Mons. Rénard I cannot resist a gentle remonstrance that he should state that the Dolmen area stretches from Brittany to India. It is true, it does, but there is also a boundary west of this, which includes Ireland. As we shall see, a little further on, Ireland also had something to do with the Bronze Age—which our author omits to state. And yet it may not be his omission, but that of those from whom his material is collected.

As an alternative treatment of the subject, I turn to the late Dr. Bremer's brilliant essay on Ireland's Place in Pre-Historic and Early Historic Europe, translated and published in his memory under the auspices of the Royal Irish Academy and the Society of Antiquaries of Ireland.

The opening sentence is a keynote—a new phase of investigation from a new angle was to open for this country :

The notion that Ireland is the last isolated outpost of Europe against the measureless waters of the Ocean—a mere western appendix of the Ancient World—is of recent growth, a consequence of the political events of these last centuries. Evidence from pre-historic and early historic times, teaches us how erroneous is this conception.

Writers of antiquity expressed quite a different opinion of Ireland. Tacitus, regarded Ireland as being an important connecting link between Spain and the North, and not as an insignificant appendage to Great Britain. Even yet, close connexions with the South-West are indicated by the Geographical Distribution of Plants.

Even in the short space of time since his lamented passing, events have moved quickly—he wrote that ‘*as yet*’ no palaeolithic colonization of Ireland had been recognized, and last year (1928) some human bones and a well-preserved skull of the type styled Cro-Magnon were found in a cave at Kilgreaney, Co. Waterford, associated with the bones of giant Irish deer, reindeer, and Arctic lemming, and the period indicated is suggested as Late Pleistocene. Cro-Magnon man is dated approximately 25,000 B.C. to 18,000 B.C., and it is believed he travelled from the south. The discovery of these remains was made by members of the Bristol University Spelæological Society in conjunction with the Royal Irish Academy, and may be cited as an example of the co-operation between scientific bodies of different countries, from which great results may be expected.

In Dr. Bremer’s essay we find well-considered evidence of phases of pre-historic progress in which Ireland was the predominant figure and the centre of highest activity. He advances the strongest probability of land connection with Spain, and refers to linguistic and anthropological evidence linking the two countries together, *and to the Irish traditions* all of which, he says, point in the same direction. He does not boast that they have been all swept away.

He also says that though maritime currents favour to an exceptional degree an intercourse between Spain and the West Coast of Ireland, yet, *there are certain considerations which militate against the maritime route*, and that connexions with the Iberian peninsula remained very intimate, citing as proofs the megalithic remains and everything connected with them—standing stones, stone circles, etc., and that the only group of rock-carvings yet known in Ireland from that early period, shows it. These carvings occur on a stone slab discovered at Cluain Fionn Locha, on the Shannon, and point *without the least ambiguity* in the same direction ; they have the closest possible connexion with the pictographs of Spain.

He notes that there must have been a most important Copper Age in Ireland, as the National Museum has numerous moulds from many factory sites, and nearly 200 examples of axes and halberds, all of high excellence of technique.

With the discovery of the presence of native copper in Ireland there begins the first great efflorescence of Ireland during which the Green Isle was the centre of industry in North-Western Europe.

He had great vision, and a faculty of keen deduction that would undoubtedly have cleared up many problems connected with Ireland’s relation to Europe. In the numerous gold lunulae he saw the great importance of Ireland in that

relation, and he dates the climatic period of Ireland as the First Period of the Bronze Age, and insists on extending the date of it as being from 2,500 to 1900 B.C. (earlier than usually allowed).

And here is an opportunity to add another theory to the thousands with which science works.

Dr. Bremer favours the source of this wave of progress, as deduced by Schmitt, as from the Aegean, over Spain and Ireland.

If we take, say two, separate localities in which there is a polished stone arrow—or javelin-head, especially characteristic of Ireland and belonging chiefly to this First Period, and which although met in Spain, is extraordinarily common in Ireland, both in its early and late forms, why should we assume that it came through Spain?

Also, we find that the Bronze axes from the Early period down to the Third, are an entirely independent development in Ireland, and that the knowledge of metal working has with hardly any doubt, made its way to the Western Baltic from Ireland—why should it necessarily have come from the Aegean, through Spain.

In addition, Dr. Bremer shows, with regard to wind music, that Ireland gave the pattern to Europe. The two different types of trumpets are practically found only in Ireland, and the Irish derivation of the later Gaulish *carnyx*, and (through Etruscan mediation) the Roman *lituus*, is *not open to doubt*. There is no suggestion here of the Aegean.

And, here, a much more significant suggestion of the far western origin for a symbol hitherto associated with the Aegean,—that known as the “labyrinth.”

It is an accepted theory that this originated in Crete; it is found in connection with the period known as Minoan, on certain coins, sculptured stones, and there are traditions of an actual construction underground with labyrinthine passages. A granite boulder, on one of the Wicklow mountains, near Hollywood, was turned over some years ago to catch a stoat who had darted beneath it, and it was found to be carved with what appeared to be a cross and circles. Dr. Bremer showed that it was not a Christian antiquity, but an example of the Cretan labyrinth. There are variations of this on some of the ancient stone slabs discovered in Kerry and other parts of the country. The only theory, so far advanced for its existence in Ireland is, that the stone was ornamented by some pilgrim in Christian times, who had seen it in Crete. It is an amazing feature of our outlook on antiquities, that we still emulate the practice of the 12th century scribes in bringing everything of unknown date as near as possible to that of St. Patrick's arrival.

Now let us cross the Atlantic ocean. I am informed by a distinguished American archaeologist, Dr. Hill, of California, who was deeply interested to hear of the Irish example, that the labyrinth symbol is numerous in the Pueblo district of New Mexico, and that it has been adopted as the national emblem of that State. There is no suggestion of the pilgrim-mason origin for the first one carved there, and an enthusiastic multiplication of them all over the district.

It is here suggested that we admit the existence of an Atlantean *civilization*—the continent is admitted—and search for analogies on the great American continent, which are hinted by many of the discoveries in Copan, Guatemala, and New Mexico, and at other centres.

There is a distinct relation between Ireland and the Aegean—but in the

absence of records so far, there is only a theory of the wave of influence having been from thence to Ireland.

One reason for our constant tendency to look East for all ancient culture may be the *Aryan* race-memory, latent in all of us. We only see back as far as the traditions of the great separation and Western march of the subdivisions of this last great race. We are so absorbed in the "Old World" and its civilizations, that those now being traced in the vast continent of the Americas have been, until recent years, undreamt of. St. Patrick is not the earliest lamp-post for them, but Columbus. There have been discovered pyramids, sphinxes, winged suns and various Cyclopean architecture wherein masses of stone of immense size were used, and I submit that the most reasonable theory for the obvious relation with Egypt is that there was an immense continent and its civilization, which was a near neighbour to the "Old World," but which disappeared in pre-historic days, and that it is Atlantis, and that Ireland has a certain close relationship with it. It is not an original idea, but has dropped out of sight in the last half century. A great deal of information is to be found collected in Donnelly's "Atlantis." The idea is considered not without value in France. I recollect some years ago reading of the foundation, I think in the Sorbonne University, of a Society for Atlantean research, and would be interested to learn what progress has been made.

In certain ancient schools of India it was taught that the Atlanteans were a mighty race, in all respects, including the physical—that they were a race of giants.

It appears to me that in our rich folk-lore, marked by strongly varied periodic differences, we may some day obtain master-keys to our pre-history. As Larminie observed :

Ethnologists know that the so-called Gaelic race is really a compound one, containing in addition to the true Celtic (Aryan) element probably two that are not Aryan—a Mongolian or Finnish element, and an Iberian element.

(West Irish Folk-tales. Introd. p. x.)

With regard to the three main cycles of Irish folk-tales, he suggests that the wider prevalence, in Ireland and Scotland, of the Fionn saga would indicate that it belonged to an early race occupying both countries, before the arrival of the Aryan Gael. There is not space to enlarge upon this, at the present time, but there is much food for thought and research, in the idea. There are many hints in the Fionn stories of a life lived in most archaic conditions—it is full of ancient symbols, and it hints strongly of mysticism. We may not rule out magic and magical practices from the life of man, even to-day. There are abundant proofs that it is practised all over the world in many places little frequented by Europeans. Much that we read in the complete cycle of Irish folk-lore is evidently allegory—and allegory contains, and exists to contain, a hidden teaching ; an enchanting tale for the masses and concealed wisdom for the few who can divine it.

In conclusion, I hope that the idea of the importance of Ireland as a factor in the pre-history of Aryan civilization, of which Dr. Bremer was convinced, and to which, in the lamentably short space of time in which he was in direct touch with this country, he so attached himself, will take hold of the imagination

of students. That our School of Folk-lore, supported by the Government will be in days to come a most important factor in clearing up many of the problems in pre-history, I have no doubt, and shall conclude with a further quotation from Larininié :

It may turn out, in fact, ultimately, that we have in Ireland, not one, but several bodies of folk-lore placed in relations most favourable for aiding in the solution of certain problems.

ARTHUR KELLS.

* * * * *

SOVEREIGNTY OF A DOMINION.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS. By Sir A. B. Keith. (Macmillan, 18s. net).

DOMINION AUTONOMY IN PRACTICE. By Sir A. B. Keith. (Oxford University Press. 5s. net).

The first thing that strikes the Irish reader in the various books of Sir Arthur Berriedale Keith on the law and practices of Dominion status is his apparently deep-seated hostility to all things Irish. In the earlier works on Responsible Government that hostility was not quite so marked, nor so consistent, as it seems to be to-day, so that the creation of the Irish Free State evidently has had the effect upon him that the Durham Report had upon commentators of the early Victorian age, and that the Report of the Simon Commission has had upon the extreme "die-hards" of to-day. So far as this country is concerned, Sir Arthur Berriedale Keith simply cannot be fair.

Probably no one has done so much for the elucidation of the problems of the complex politics of the British Commonwealth as this Lecturer on the Constitution of the British Empire in the University of Edinburgh. In a series of volumes that now occupies a good-sized shelf he has probed and examined almost every aspect of Dominion and Colonial Government, and no one has done more than he to bring to the notice of statesmen and politicians, to say nothing of the ordinary citizen, in all the countries concerned the facts and their implications. He is to-day the outstanding authority on the legal aspects of the British Commonwealth, and as such carries considerable weight in all the councils of statesmen. Because of this it may be regretted that he has permitted himself to distort his view of Irish conditions, and in doing so to give a myopic version of Dominion Status in the other Dominions. Reading his books to-day is very much like reading about the things of yester year ; almost before the ink was dry conditions had so changed that the spirit, if not the letter, of Dominion Practice had radically altered. It is yet too early to be definite about the effects of the Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926, but it is not too early to say that Sir Arthur Keith is not by any means its accurate interpreter.

There may be limitations to Dominion Sovereignty, as Sir Arthur contends, but if there are, the limitations confine Great Britain in common with the other Dominions. It is probably true that a Dominion cannot secede by its own single act, but neither can Great Britain ; so that whatever right any Dominion may have that is also the right only of Great Britain. In the Union of South Africa the other day the Report of the Conference was adopted with an addendum that it "must not be taken as derogating from the right of any member of the British Commonwealth to withdraw therefrom." It is clear that the right now exists, but it seems also clear that the right may only be exercised by mutual consent of

the members of the Commonwealth. In precisely the same position is the right of succession to the Crown, which can only be altered by the consent of all the Dominions.

The basis of the matter is that Sir Arthur really dislikes the Report of the Imperial Conference of 1926, and that he cannot bring himself to believe that its words bear the meaning they were intended to bear. Sometimes he seems to believe that the Imperial Conference is a legislative body, as when he suggests that the Conference might *accord* Dominion Status; again he will insist upon using the Colonial Laws Validity Act in an attempt to belittle the rights of the Conference. The plain fact of the matter is that the Sovereignty of the British Commonwealth no longer resides in any single Parliament, but that it is divided among a number of co-equal parliaments in many parts of the world. That is the fact, and nowadays efforts are being made to bring the theory into relation with the established fact. The very basis of Sir Arthur Keith's case reposes in obsolete British legislation, which no one to-day regards seriously.

It is probably because the Irish Free State has taken a prominent part in the effort to relate the Commonwealth theory to the practice that Sir Arthur reserves his most venomous attacks for us. There is no accounting for prejudice, but prejudice should never find a place in a book which purports to define the Sovereignty of the British Dominions. There is too much of the mentality of the kind of Englishman who talks about "truckling to the Sinn Fein rebels" in the book to make it either a safe or reliable guide to the political structure of the present-day British Commonwealth. And if Sir Arthur would bear in mind that the Commonwealth is as much the creation of Ireland as of Britain he would possibly be more serene. A fair sample of his outlook on Ireland, or perhaps only the Free State part of Ireland, is the statement that "it is incredible that if the Free State were a foreign power, the United Kingdom would be so complaisant as regards the influx of Irish immigrants of an inferior type into Scotland, or the raising of protective duties against British imports, while the Free State enjoys an absolutely free market for its chief exports in the United Kingdom." That kind of utterly stupid writing was good enough for the lamented *Globe* newspaper twenty years ago, it is utterly and absolutely beside the point to-day. Lord Salisbury really is dead, but Sir Arthur Keith fails to note the fact.

In revising and re-issuing his *Dominion Home Rule in Practice* under the new title *Dominion Autonomy in Practice* there is some little recognition by the author of the marked changes that have been made in the constitutional position since the little book first appeared in 1921. Occasionally even here, although the scope is relatively not so great, the same antipathy is plain, and the same "last-ditch" attitude is preserved. For all that, however, this little book is an ideal introductory volume to a study of the British Commonwealth in its legal and constitutional aspects, and it should on no account be ignored by the growing number of students of that subject in Ireland and elsewhere.

If Sir Arthur Berriedale Keith is occasionally irritating, often very much beside the point, and at times very loose in his phraseology, it can be said that he is always interesting. He writes in a style that carries the reader gracefully, so that there is a strong desire to overlook his irritating annoyances and to offer him thanks for a stimulant.

L. P. B.

HEARNSHAW, THE INDEFATIGABLE.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL IDEAS OF SOME GREAT FRENCH THINKERS OF THE AGE OF REASON. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net).

The industry of Professor Hearnshaw is really amazing, and the stream of books that flows from his pen would keep most people busy in the fairly easy business of reading them. A Professor of Mediaeval History in the University of London, he ranges all history from the earliest manuscripts to the contemporary daily newspaper, and writes with equal facility and authority on modern socialism and British Prime Ministers. In the art of presenting his material in the most condensed form he has probably no equal in the scholarly world to-day, as his little book of the history of political ideas bears witness. In the volume under notice he has gathered together the fifth of the series of lectures on social and political ideas given in King's College, London, carrying the exposition to the French Revolution. All who are familiar with the other four volumes of the series will hasten to add this to their collection. In Professor Harold Laski's introductory chapter is an expository outline of the period which alone makes the book worth its price; but the studies of Bossuet, Fenelon, Voltaire and Rousseau are also very competent and suggestive pieces of work in short compass.

L. P. B.

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AN AMERICAN VIEWS ANGLISH POLITICS.

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS. By Frederick A. Ogg. (Macmillan. 18s. net).

In this big book of over 750 pages an American observer sets down his knowledge of the theory and practice of the British Constitution, and of the party political mechanism through which it works. As Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Ogg has found it necessary to explain the phenomena of politics to students, and it may be assumed that this book is the result of the studies which were necessary in order to present to these students a lucid and comprehensive view of the history, theory, practice, and mechanism of the British system. Probably the genesis of the book is to be found in the note-books of the lecturer, but in this case the method is completely justified.

No more lucid and comprehensive study of the British political system has yet been written than this *English Government and Politics*, and to everyone desiring a thorough investigation of the origins and development of the British political system no better book could be recommended. The author very truly says: "A new book on English government is perhaps justified by the remarkable changes in mechanism, function, and method which recent years have witnessed, and particularly by the fluidity of political arrangements in Britain to-day and the probability of further significant experiments and reconstructions in times ahead. . . . Vast political problems have been met and solved in the past hundred years. But their places have been taken by others even more challenging and baffling. Often thought of as a peculiarly "finished" and static governmental system, the English is, in point of fact, dynamic and shifting—ever feeling its way, by its own curious method to be sure, along new lanes into uncharted areas." In the thirty-one chapters which make up his book Professor Ogg in-

vestigates every nook and cranny of the British system, dealing in detailed fashion with history and theory as well as with current practice. Beginning with "The Origins of English Political Institutions," he treats each aspect of the British system in such detail that when the reader reaches the final chapter on "Some Aspects of Imperial Affairs" he will have subjected every detail of British politics to what approximates to a laboratory analytical test.

The Central Government does not in any way overawe the American Professor by its importance, and he treats such subjects as the permanent civil service, political parties, party organisation and structure, and local government with the same exact consideration that he would give to Kingship or Cabinet Responsibility. And he looks aside for a moment from his documents to give attention to Parliament at Work, or to the Courts and the administration of justice. Party principles and the system of law, too, receive his notice in chapters which betray careful study in every line. In many ways this book suggests Bryce's famous *American Commonwealth*, and in it Professor Ogg has repaid and cancelled the debt which his country owed to a British scholar by giving to England a study of itself comparable to the Bryce study of the United States. This book invites comparison with Bryce's great work, and it comes out of the comparison with distinction.

Professor Ogg devotes a special chapter to the Irish Free State, and in some forty pages presents a very fair picture of the conditions which went to the formation of the new State. His constitutional details will now, however, need to be revised by reason of the amendments of the past year.

Those students to whom the book is dedicated will have as much reason as all students of constitutional problems, and all politicians also, to be very grateful to Professor Ogg for a really excellent book.

A. E. M.

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POLITICIANS AND POLITICAL IDEAS.

STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH SOCIAL AND POLITICAL THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Robert H. Murray. Two vols. (Cambridge : Heffer & Sons, 25s.).

Only a few years ago Dr. Robert H. Murray left Dublin, but since he has settled down in the delightful Pershore district of Worcestershire he has figured almost every year in the book-lists with at least one volume on some of the more scholarly aspects of politics. He has written in these years one of the most readable short histories of political ideas in the English language, and has found time to be controversial about Ireland and theological problems. It has been said that at the time he left Dublin Dr. Murray was engaged upon a comprehensive history of toleration, and that much of the material for the work was already complete. Such a book is very much to be desired, and would be infinitely more worthy of attention from author or reader than the two volumes on *English Social and Political Thinkers of the Nineteenth Century* recently published by Messrs. Heffer & Sons of Cambridge.

In these two volumes Dr. Murray presents short studies of English social and political thinkers from Malthus to Maitland, associating each with a discussion of the main-tenet of his philosophy. The method of the book resembles somewhat that adopted by Dr. Hearnshaw in the series of volumes which he has

edited dealing with social and political ideas, and Dr. Murray's work excellently carries that series up to date. Taking as his text the statement made by the late Ambassador Page, of the United States, that his country was "governed from the grave," Dr. Murray outlines the ideas which have formative in the political philosophy of the present. "In a serious sense," he says in his preface, "the whole world, certainly the English world, is 'governed from the grave.' We are not ourselves alone, but others as well; not merely the living, but also the dead, without whom we should not have been, and those to come, without whom we labour in vain."

"The object of my history is to define the characteristics of English thinkers." In this object it may be said that he has succeeded, and that he has presented Conservatives and Liberals, Socialists and Individualists, in an objective and impartial manner. While he is at his best in studies of Disraeli and Kingsley, he shows also his affiliations in those of Coleridge and Seeley. With Cobden, Bentham, Owen or Mill he is not so successful, and it is plain that he is attempting to be as impartial as possible to men with whose philosophy he has little or no personal sympathy.

It may be agreed with Dr. Murray that "much patience and much understanding are required to do justice to competing and completing systems of thought," and it may also be agreed that he has brought much patience and understanding to this work. The great value of his studies will lie in his effort to show where and how the systems are completing rather than competing, and in doing this he has made a valuable contribution to the political thought of the day. Possibly he has failed to complete the essential conservatism of English socialism, and to grasp the possible, even probable break of the English Labour Party with the radical philosophy of Cobden and Mill. If Bernard Shaw has any effect on English socialist thought (and who can doubt that he has?), the English Labour Party may in the near future range itself behind Edmund Burke. The break with *laissez faire* is already complete, Benthamite utilitarianism has outlived its day, and the next ten years of English political ideas will probably see a new grafting upon that tree of which Burke was so inordinately proud. In this possible orientation Dr. Murray will find himself sorely tried; but in the end he, too, will find refuge with Coleridge and Burke, rather than with the Mills and Bentham. And the Spirit of G.B.S. will be with them! A. E. M.

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THE SKELETON OF G.B.S.

A GUIDE TO BERNARD SHAW. By Edward Wagenknecht. (Appleton. 6s. net).

"My defence of the present volume," says Professor Wagenknecht, of the University of Washington, "is that I wrote it because it seemed necessary that there should be such a book. The world of Shaw has become so extensive that some such chart as this is almost indispensable." To those who set out to study Shaw's works as class text-books, certainly such a book is indispensable, but otherwise the plays themselves on the stage will be infinitely more illuminating. It is evident that the author had primarily an American public in view when he wrote the little book, because it has all the apparatus that have come to be regarded as essential in such books by American students. As a "Guide to Bernard Shaw," in the smallest possible space, Professor Wagenknecht's book will commend

itself to the ever-widening circle of serious Shavians. To those who are thoroughly familiar with their Shaw already this little book will serve as a source of reference in moments of difficulty or doubt.

A. E. M.

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ADMASTOR. By Roy Campbell. (Faber & Faber).

The inner conflict of the European, suffering all the throes of race-acclimatization in Africa, broods and tosses, and flashes through this poetry. Love and hatred kindle together into a restive beauty, hissing at its lightest, into tongues of satire, but at heart glowing darkly with a sullen passionate unease.

"Where the hard rock is barren, scorched the spring,
Shrivelled the grass, and the hot wind of death
Hornets the crag with whirled metallic wing,
We drew the fatal secret of our breath:
By whirlwinds bugled forth, whose funnelled suction
Scrolls the spun sand into a golden spire,
Our spirits leaped, hosannas of destruction,
Like desert lilies forked with tongues of fire."

The essential spirit of far places that no traveller's tale may bring us is the allotted booty of poets. By virtue of his love and hate for Africa, Roy Campbell is able to chain to his formal European metres tropical evocations, strange and untamed, that amaze us with their power and beauty, as the tigers yoked to Antony's chariot amazed the Roman populace.

There is indeed something of an Antony in this poet. He delights to astonish us with spectacular triumphs, to parade the wild forces that his Roman might has constrained to step smoothly in ceremonial cortège. And indeed a certain pride of paradox is allowable in one who can cage the cobra in a stanza without softening its terror, and can harness the unresting zebras to a sonnet, so craftily that they seem all unaware of their lost liberty.

THE ZEBRAS

"From the dark woods that breathe of fallen showers,
Harnessed with level rays in golden reins,
The zebras draw the dawn across the plains,
Wading knee-deep among the scarlet flowers.
The sunlight, zithering their flanks with fire,
Flashes between the shadows as they pass
Barred with electric tremors through the grass
Like wind along the gold strings of a lyre.

Into the flushed air snorting rosy plumes
That smoulder round their feet in drifting fumes,
With dove-like voices call the distant fillies
While round the herd the stallion wheels his flight,
Engine of beauty, volted with delight,
To roll his mare among the trampled lilies."

C. H.

RECCADILLOES. By Faraday Keene : Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.

The title of this book is, in itself, a punctilious valuation. The stories are technically competent trifles ; slightly Gallic in manner ; somewhat absurd in their supercilious sensationalism, but crudely clever with a species of analytical "Grand-Guignol-ism." Here and there a little humour filters in through the sophistications of the style. Each story is furnished with a strong reliable "point" that goes off with the efficiency of the spring in a mouse trap when the characters have eaten their way through a piece of, sometimes too-apparent, psychological cheese. And although we may often anticipate the quality of the catastrophe from the moment the trap is set, the dead mouse seldom fails to make us jump an inch or two with the correct start of satisfaction, commiseration and faint distaste.

The eternal triangles and the vicious circles of which the series is, for the most part, made up, are set forth with neatness, clarity and a certain ornamental if rather cheap emotionalism. We finish the book in the mildly gratified frame of mind of one who has worked through a set of problems (with appended solutions) in some sort of larmoyante geometry. M.S.

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NONE SO PRETTY. By Margaret Irwin. Chatto & Windus. (7s. 6d.).

Miss Irwin has "made-up" the period of her historical novel very elaborately, but the "make-up" is too obvious. It tempts us to belittle what remains still discernible of reality beneath. And even without depreciation this remainder is not robust. The story is "pretty-pretty" despite the guileless strivings of the author after some saving disgrace of realism. It is evident that Miss Irwin's delicate and merry talent, like the heroine of this novel, resents stiff ceremonial costume. We cannot see its intimate grace for the heavy folds of erudition in which it has dressed up. A forlorn little ghost it moves, when she shuts it up thus, in the halls of the past, and we remember with regret how gaily and tenderly it tripped through the familiar modern ground of her last novel weaving realism and fantasy to such a rare atmospheric magic. As we feel the leisure and smoothness of Miss Irwin's style, we are at first loth to admit any unmanageable aggregation of material. Yet all too soon it is borne in on us that she has furnished the slender contour of this book not altogether wisely and just a little too well. Not by any means is the book chock-a-block with Restoration pieces, yet everywhere there is that uneasy sense of the one pedantic detail too many that depresses us with a fusty breath of museum air. Like a too-enthusiastic buyer who has scoured the antique shops and auction-rooms for purchases Miss Irwin has not always been able to resist bringing home things that have no place in the intrinsic harmony of her house. These generally curious and decorative facts crop up everywhere in a terribly extrinsic manner, spoiling with their irrelevant and ostentatious gewgawism our peaceful appreciation of the whole. The characterization so "rich and strange" in "Fire down Below" is here faded to a mere wistful tapestry life. The characters scarcely emerge from their background. Mental vitality they have none : but character, an animated grouping, an emotion of gesture, or of attitude, now and then invests their figures with a touch of spurious humanity. N.T.

REDHEAP. By Norman Lindsay. Faber & Faber.

A genre picture of Australian provincial life, painted with undoubted vigour and jovial humour. Objective realism has here, taken satisfactory root in the clear Australian sunshine. Mr. Lindsay has admirable control of a lively and strongly-built prose. The book moves at a brisk trot of common-sense, diversified with much merry prancing and kicking of animal spirits.

Despite Mr. Lindsay's excellent control of his medium, one is conscious, in his attitude of much of the callous jollity and sanguine good nature of adolescence. Depth however, is added by a sense of domestic relationship between the author and his characters. On the whole they are treated with some such blend of derisive insight and subconscious confederacy as might be shown by a "smart" village lout regarding the members of his own household, and our conviction that this provincial life is being depicted from within, continuously mellows the systematic satire with geniality.

We are of course aware of a complete lack of aesthetic upbringing in Mr. Lindsay's talent, which at times raises its voice to a tone of really unpleasant virulence. But this, we feel is mere barmaid jocosity which covers an unremittent serving out of the whiskey of involuntary goodwill. A sharp-tongued style without a doubt; and inclined to flaunt, a little threateningly its very obvious physical rotundities; to bridle rather alarmingly with professional sex-assurance but beneath all these slaps and head-tossings we are convinced somehow of a heart positively overflowing with buxom benevolence.

This writer knows his capabilities and keeps well within them. The book has unusual balance. Even the attempts at metaphysical flight, introduced by the drunken teacher, are winged with such pseudo-Wodehousian feathers that they never for an instant disturb the atmospheric equilibrium by leaving the earth which is the true arena for their delightful barndoor antics. Mr. Lindsay gives us the feeling of having achieved exactly what he set out to do. No doubt the Australian climate favours definition, and in this book there is nothing undefined or indefinable. Everything of the characters that a glaring light can reveal is revealed to us. "Only this and nothing more." But if we are satisfied with this the thing is excellently done. A steady objectivity, a firm grasp of primitive, instinctive motives, and a shrewd and easy turn for naturalistic dialogue—with the help of these gifts Mr. Lindsay has succeeded in giving a genuine, if excessively crude vitality to his characters and to his book. N.T.

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THE AUTOCRACY OF MR. PARHAM. By H. G. Wells. (London: Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham is a fantastic romance based on the idea of a future great-war world. It is fantasy in the sense that Mr. Wells uses this element to set his stage and get things going, and to form the framework which holds the story together. But always through the gauze of the make-belief peeps the Mr. Wells of to-day, to whom maturity has brought a deepening sense of reality and a lessening of the faculty to handle fantasy. This book makes the reader apprehend with terrifying effect the possibilities of the next war which, as Mr. Wells points out, will be primarily fought by the chemists and poison

gas. The nation that has the devastating gas for which no anti-gas exists is the nation that through seas of revolting horror wins the next war hands down.

The machinery of the story is the well-worn motive of dream. The dream in which the story moves occurs while the dreamer is at a spiritualistic seance—a variation which shows that Mr. Wells' faculty for original conception is still very much alive. Into this dream there comes a Lord Paramount of England, who dissolves Parliament and wants to unite all Europe against Russia. He visits the heads of the various nations with this purpose in view, and it is safe to affirm that no other living novelist would have the experience or knowledge to tackle such an exacting theme with any probability of success. Instead, however, of bringing off war in the East as he intended, the Lord Paramount gets England embroiled with America, and in a piece of fine imaginative descriptive writing Mr. Wells pictures the American and England fleets in provocative display facing each other in the Atlantic in two long parallel lines, till the inevitable happens, and Mr. Wells gets his opportunity of showing us the awful futility and ghastly massacre of a titanic naval engagement. Ultimately the whole of Europe becomes engaged in a series of smaller wars, and America, with a gesture of commonsense righteousness, draws out of the conflict completely and refuses to fight anyone.

The underlying basis of the book is the break-up of the historical continuity of nationality under the impact of the new outlook and thought begotten by science. This idea is put into the declaration issued by the American President, which states "that no man on earth whatever owes more than provisional allegiance to the rulers he may find above him, and that his profounder, his fundamental loyalty is to no flag or nation, but to mankind." Mr. Wells apparently considers that nationality cannot exist without wars. To extinguish war it will be necessary to abolish nationality. It is by the imaginative fertilizing of such notions that Mr. Wells keeps his intellectual vigour so vital. For life has come to him to mean simply unending disputation. His gospel is contained in the pronouncement: "In the long run man will be lost or saved by argument, for collective human acts are little more than arguments in partial realization."

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TRANSITION. Number 19-20. June, 1930. Price \$1.50 or 30 francs.

Sects, out of which rebels arise, are a vortex of vitality. The magazine called *transition* describes itself as "An intellectual quarterly for creative experiment." But it is really the organ of a literary sect, and is consequently explosive, generative and rebellious. It is also intensely self-conscious. And in this aspect it misses the note of creation. For the process of creation is beyond personality where self-consciousness resides. One cannot create by deliberate intent. Creation assumes itself, beyond apprehension, and sways to unknown issues.

transition, published in Paris and edited by an American Frenchman, Eugene Jolas has been in existence for three years. It is now forced to cease, and this present Spring-Summer number, June 1930, is its valedictory issue. It has done rousing work in its short career, giving scope to the inordinate impulses of youth.

These young people are quite right in their demand for vital literature. And it is to their credit that they class much of their work as merely experimental.

They are trying to find a way. And the present writer, who belongs to the past, can feel nothing but interested sympathy with them in their efforts. The perspective of years enables him to conjecture that the turmoil and troubling of the literary waters by the contributors to *transition* is but a squall blown over the wide ocean of literature. In a few years dusty critics will probably be dealing with it historically, and its merits and defects will be set forth in text-books and provide the usual stumbling-blocks for candidates at examination.

The contents of this number are diffuse and diversified, and it is impossible to discuss them in detail. But underneath them all lies the influence of the psycho-analysis. In this number a remarkable article by Dr. C. G. Jung appears, entitled "Psychology and Poetry," and its inclusion apparently indicates the variation of this upheaving philosophy to which *transition* cleaves.

transition dies in full sail. This number runs to 398 pages, and there are about a hundred different names specified as contributors. With its supreme contempt for financial considerations, the price is not mentioned on the cover or the title-page. It occurs at the end, under the heading "Back Numbers." It is fixed at \$1.50 or 30 francs, and the magazine can be obtained from William Jackson, Ltd., 18 Took's Court, Cursitor Street, London, E.C.4. Anyone keen about literary matters would be vastly interested in it. It is an astonishing, an amazing production, and the thrill of its electric vitality is well worth the price as an experience.

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A FLOCK OF BIRDS. By Kathleen Coyle. (London: Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. nett).

A carefully written, restrained and dignified book, more remarkable for a basis of thought and experience than for expression of character, or for a phase of Irish life. The scene is laid in Dublin in 1919, but the lack of details in explaining Irish attitude and outlook, the main facts of the time, the local current of ideas—factors easily supplied by native-born readers—will probably make the book somewhat indefinite to the outsider, unless read simply as a human record. It is in this aspect that it carries its greatest weight. The story is of a boy condemned to death for a political murder in the troubled times in Ireland before the establishment of the Free State. And the writer tells it mainly from the standpoint of the boy's mother. In this character the author has created a really heroic and yet convincingly natural human figure, belonging to that rare class to whom culture and refinement have become instinctive and real. The other characters are somewhat elusive and un consequential, but the hidden life of the mother is beautifully, tenderly and sympathetically portrayed, and the story mounts to a noble scene in the farewell to her home, where philosophy and life merge for a moment.

THE EDWARDIANS. By V. Sackville-West. The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

This novel deals with the efforts of the eldest son of an old English house to escape from the bondage of his traditional environment. The hero we are told "loves his chains." So too does the author but, regrettably, she fails to admit it. The book is a glorification of these very chains against which the hero is supposed to be struggling for his inner life. These forms and traditions are the author's whole reality. The struggling spirit of man has no real power against them in the arena of her imagination. And so a somewhat ridiculous form of insincerity pervades the book, making it look from any cultural viewpoint, both undignified and pretentious. Miss Sackville-West like the hero worships tradition and yet feels suffocated by it. Like the hero her strongest gesture of rebellion is to break a back pane of glass in the family coach and find her view blocked by the footmen's calves. The result is that she sits just as before in her ceremonial magnificence but made uncomfortable by the draught she has let in from the outer world, and, more than ever, precluded by the proximity of those colossal calves from ever looking inside the footmen's heads. For in spite of herself the perquisites of traditional power and wealth loom large to her, and the outer air is never anything more really disturbing to her inner being than a draught. So there she sits in a state of magnificent discomfort and the spectacle is naturally more absurd than moving. Like people sitting in a draught she keeps on grumbling about it. It diverts her attention from everything else. She cannot settle down to be true to the world she knows and to express it, as she can, within its own boundaries. She loudly and rhetorically carps at her own world, she nags at it, belittles it, disowns it and affects to despise it, but all in the most unconvincing way. It is apparent to everyone that she belongs to it, and believes it the best of all possible worlds.

But why trouble oneself about the subject of this book, when Miss Sackville-West writes a prose so clear, sweet-toned and mellow? There is something in her style of the brightness and tender colour of porcelain; something too of the rich tranquil hues and soft precise shadow of an old English garden. N.T.

